

# THE SUBMARINE TOWED INTO HARBOUR—PHOTOGRAPHS.

# The Daily

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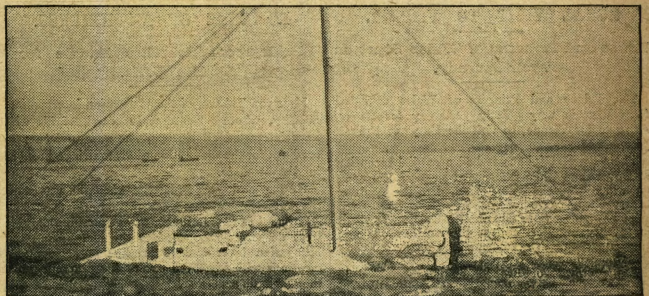
## THE RAISING OF THE A1.



Karlsson, the famous diver of the salvage ship Belos, who has done so much towards raising the A1 to the surface.



Karlsson has descended below the surface on his last visit to the sunken vessel. One man is playing out the life-line, the other the air-tube.



The A1, the first British submarine, making her first dive in open water.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)



Karlsson, the diver, rises to the surface with his final report as to the conditions below.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)



Almost the last scene in the raising of the A1. Waiting for the last report of the divers as to whether the submarine were ready to be raised. The captain of the Belos, the salvage ship, is in the dark boat to the left of the picture.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)



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The submarine did not show on the surface, as she was suspended between four and five feet below the bottom of the lighter, which was drawing about eight feet of water. This would give the wreck a depth of twelve to thirteen feet below the surface of the water to the top of her hull. After being properly secured, the submarine was slowly towed towards Portsmouth Harbour by the Belos and the lighter, with the other salvage steamer Eol and three harbour tugs in attendance.

Although she was raised there was still a big quantity of water in the interior, and air was pumped in continuously from the Belos. The air pipe was led from that vessel to the lighter, and thence to the suspended submarine.

Capt. Bacon, of the submarine flotilla, was out early on the scene, and remained throughout the day. Admiral Sir John Fisher arrived on his

launch, the Fire Queen, at 10.30, and also stayed to see the wreck rapidly towed into port.

At 2.30 p.m. the crowds waiting at Southsea sighted the sad procession coming slowly into the harbour, headed by the police launch. The Admiralty tug Enterprise was leading, with a tow-rope led to the Belos, from the stern of which wire hawsers were led to the lighter. The destroyers Fervent and Violet acted as escorts on either side, and Admiral Fisher brought up the rear in the Fire Queen.

At three o'clock the submarine touched the ground in shallow water off No. 3 harbour buoy, and again stranded her hawsers, and carried away the stoppers.

### TEN BODIES REMOVED.

Admiral Fisher immediately went on board the lighter, and consulted with Captain Edlind, of the Salvage Company, as to what should be done. It was eventually decided to anchor the Belos, slack away the hawsers, and wait for low water at 6.30, when the divers could go down and re-adjust the hawsers. The wreck would then be in less than five fathoms of water. Shortly after six o'clock the submarine was again floated and slowly towed into the dockyard. There, however, the trouble was not ended, for she had to wait for high water to enter the dry dock which had been prepared for her.

The submarine was entered soon after she reached the harbour, and ten bodies were recovered from her.

It is understood that the inquest will be held to-day, and the funeral probably to-morrow.

Graves have been prepared for the eleven victims at Haslar Naval Cemetery. The Admiralty have invited the relations of the drowned officers and crew to attend the funeral ceremonies.

A VICTIM'S STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

Mrs. C. Baly, widow of Engine-room Artificer Charles Baly, who was one of the victims of the disaster, informed the *Mirror* representative on board the steam launch *Enterprise* yesterday afternoon that her husband must have had some presentiment of the catastrophe.

In a farewell letter to her which was found among his effects on the submarine depot ship *Thames*, Mr. Baly wrote:

My dearest wife,—I write you for the last time. In the event of my death I leave all my personal effects to you. What is in my chest you can do what you like with.

Well, dear, now it is all over. Do not grieve, but go on living, and if there is another life after this we shall meet again. A last goodbye from your loving husband.

### CURIOUS ONLOOKERS.

A strong northerly wind sprang up about five o'clock. During the hours the wreck was anchored off Southsea, thousands of people gathered on the beach and at Sally Port, watching the scene with morbid interest. Numbers of pleasure-boats were pulled up to the lighter until Captain Bacon ordered them off.

Nothing could be seen of the ill-fated submarine above the surface, but all knew that the remains of eleven gallant men were lying in their steel tomb a few feet below the dockyard lighter.

### ROMANCE OF AN HEIRESS.

Bridegroom Searches Europe for His Wife.

Herr von Takacs, of the Hungarian intermediate nobility, whose adventures in search of his wife have interested all Europe, has now to face proceedings for the dissolution of his marriage brought in distant Ohio.

He met and wooed his wife when she was stopping at Carlbad last year with her father, Mr. Hart, an American millionaire. At first the parents were desperately opposed to the match, and the Hungarian lover had to arrange "accidental" meetings with his loved one at the different cities he visited.

Finally, the father was overcome by the entreaties of the youthful couple, and they were married in London last November. They spent the honeymoon in Vienna, with bright prospects of a happy life.

A cloud arose when the millionaire heard of some transactions of the bridegroom with an Austrian money-lender, and he insisted on his daughter returning to her family.

Since then the husband has sought in vain to induce his wife to return to him, and now it would seem that the Ohio law may soon separate her from him for ever.

### HOP-GARDEN MURDER.

Mysterious Crime Under a Vicarage Window.

Our correspondent at Farnham telegraphed last night details of a mysterious crime which was brought to light yesterday.

In a hop garden near the village of Wrecclesham the body of a stable boy, aged sixteen, was found under circumstances which suggest a shocking crime. The boy left home after tea on Sunday, and was last seen alive at half-past eight.

The murder was committed on the public footpath skirting the hop garden, almost under the windows of Wrecclesham Vicarage, and within fifty yards of a row of cottages. A terrific blow had been dealt over the left temple with a hazel stick, found near, and the head was nearly severed from the trunk. The body had been dragged some ten yards into a garden and then left, the pockets having been rifled and turned inside out.

No motive other than robbery can be suggested, and no arrest has been made. The inquest is to be opened to-morrow.

## RUSSIANS ALERT.

Japanese Destroyers Driven from Korea Bay.

## 70 TRANSPORTS MOVING.

Tsar Offers to Lend Russia £80,000,000.

From Tientsin it is asserted that the Japanese succeeded in landing near Port Arthur, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

An eye-witness of the sinking of the *Petrovsk* sends a dramatic description of the final scene.

Russians still cling to the theory that the disaster was due to the explosion of the ship's boilers. They discredit Admiral Togo's statement that Japanese mines were laid, and deny that he could have ventured in safety so near to the entrance to effect his purpose.

Great faith is now being placed in submarine boats by the Russians, and a new one was dispatched to Port Arthur yesterday in sections.

Heavy rains in Manchuria have made the roads almost impassable, and the movements of Russian soldiers are temporarily suspended.

After his successes at Port Arthur, Admiral Togo is now believed to be turning his attention to the four Russian warships still lying in Vladivostok harbour. A Japanese squadron has been seen near the port.

### FLAGSHIP'S DOOM.

Eye-Witness's Dramatic Description of the Final Scene.

The correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*, who witnessed Wednesday's engagement off Port Arthur, thus describes the final scene:—

"Admiral Makharoff flew the signal 'Returning to harbour,' and the squadron slowly steamed towards the port.

"On they came. Everyone was silent, waiting for the approach of the enemy and the beginning of the battle.

"The torpedo-boats had entered harbour, and the *Petrovsk* was in a line with Electric Hill, when suddenly on the right of the admiral's ship appeared a column of water. Then two deafening explosions were heard.

"The *Petrovsk* was covered with a mass of dark orange-coloured steam mingled with smoke.

"Someone near me cried, 'It is a shot.' Through our binoculars we saw a number of objects fall from the deck into the sea and terrifying sheets of flame.

### "SHE IS SINKING."

"She is sinking, she is sinking," everybody cried.

"The *Petrovsk* slowly went down bow foremost.

"She had a heavy list to starboard, and her starboard side was nearly flat on the water. The hull disappeared, the forecastle. Soon only half her funnels could be seen. The bow continued to dip until we saw only the still revolving screw raised high in the air, and the figures of men sliding downwards into the waves.

"There was an immense sheet of flame, followed by one last explosion.

"Then all was silent.

"Boats from the *Gaidamak* went to the scene, but all was over."

### RUSSIANS DENY TOGO'S STORY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

The inquiry held at Port Arthur has led to the belief that the sinking of the *Petrovsk* was due to the explosion of the cylindrical boilers. The steam suddenly rose to an unusual height. Two successive explosions occurred.

Admiral Togo's version, according to which he laid mines without attracting the attention of the Russians, is not accepted, seeing that the explosion occurred quite close to the harbour.

The authorities at Port Arthur will not admit that the Japanese could have come so near to the entrance.—*Reuter*.

### SUBMARINE BOGIE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

The "Novy Kral," the organ of Admiral Alexieff, reports the recent appearance off Port Arthur of a suspicious-looking craft resembling a submarine boat. Orders have consequently been given for the adoption of precautions against a surprise.—*Reuter*.

### RUSSIA'S NEW HOPE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

One of the five new submarine boats which are being constructed in the St. Petersburg iron and steel works will be dispatched to Port Arthur to-day in sections.

Forty wagon loads of cartridges and other ammunition are being forwarded to-day to the theatre of war.—*Reuter*.

### TSAR'S GENEROSITY.

The Tsar possesses a personal fortune of £80,000,000, which is lying in a foreign bank belonging to a country that has shown little sympathy with Russia of late.

His Majesty has given notice of withdrawal, his intention being to lend it to the Russian nation, without interest or security, to be repaid at the nation's will.—*Reuter*.

### TOGO'S NEXT ENTERPRISE.

According to a telegram from Harbin, a Japanese squadron has arrived off Vladivostok. Inside the harbour are the four Russian warships under Captain Reitzenstein, which were there during the Japanese bombardment on March 6.

## MULLAH'S ROUT.

Campaign Ended and Our Troops to be Withdrawn.

The Somaliland Campaign has ended.

A question as to the present military situation there was addressed to Mr. Arnold-Forster in the House of Commons by Mr. Lambert, and in reply the Secretary for War announced the Government's decision to discontinue military operations.

The Mullah had escaped, but had suffered severe losses in men and animals, the forces under him were routed, and he was driven out of the Protectorate, and was now practically without followers.

In view of these circumstances it had been decided to discontinue the military operations, and to reduce the field forces. Orders to this effect had been given.

According to the Estimate the cost of the expedition up to the 19th inst., so far as this financial year is concerned, was £50,000.

Opposition cheers greeted the announcement, and a member asked, "Where is the Mullah?" Mr. Arnold-Forster: "He is supposed to be in Italian territory.—(A Voice: When is he coming back?)—but his precise position at the moment I cannot say."

### OTHER QUESTIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

During the question hour the Home Secretary informed Mr. Ormesby Gore that the Government were of opinion an inquiry into the Vagrancy Laws was necessary.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, replying to Sir H. Vincent, said he could not give the House an assurance that no administrative changes as regards the auxiliary forces would take place before the report of the Royal Commission had been issued, but he would postpone the counter vote.

Subsequently the House discussed Mr. Nannetti's motion that the system of primary education in Ireland was fundamentally defective and had proved injurious in operation. Sir John Gorst was sympathetic, and said that for any change to be successful Irish education must be placed under popular control.

Mr. John Redmond followed, contending that the present state of things was but another argument for Home Rule. In reply, Mr. Wyndham said that he believed among the youth and manhood of Ireland there was a genuine desire for education under the present system.

### CHINESE LABOUR.

Negotiations Are on the Eve of Settlement.

Reuter's Agency learns that the negotiations with the Chinese Minister with reference to Chinese labour emigration have been practically concluded. There are still some minor details to be arranged, but these, in the words of an official, "can be settled in an hour."

A telegram has been received in Glasgow announcing that the steamship *Tweeddale* has arrived at Hong Kong, and is now fitting out to take the first contingent of Chinese coolies to Durban. The *Tweeddale*, which is a Glasgow-owned vessel, is estimated to carry 2,000 passengers, and she will, it is anticipated, be ready to sail before the end of the present month.

Four other steamships will follow at brief intervals. They will put in at Hong Kong to fit and undergo inspection by the surveyor acting on behalf of the British Government.

During May and June they will proceed to a northern Chinese port and ship coolies, 8,000 to 10,000 of whom have already been secured on behalf of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines.

### LIFE GUARDS MAJOR KILLED.

A sad accident occurred last night in Piccadilly. A horse, which this thoroughfare is most crowded with traffic, Major Burt, of the 2nd Life Guards, and three brother officers were driving in a brougham.

The horse took fright and bolted, causing a shocking smash, which resulted in the death of Major Burt. The other occupants of the carriage escaped uninjured.

### AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9. JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones. Preceded at 8.20 by THE WIDOW WOOD.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING.

MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS at 5.

A Romantic Comedy.

MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.

Capt. Harry Patten. MR. LEWIS WALLER.

Preceded, 8.15, by A QUIET.

Box office open 10 to 10. Telephone 3193. Gerard.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in SATURDAY MATINEE.

An Irresponsible Comedy in Three Acts.

By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.

MATINEE TO-MORROW AND EVERY WED. and SAT.

at 2.30.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager, MR. FRANK GURZEN. A CHINESE HOPEY-MOON 18 a/c. Oct. by George Dumas. Music by Howard Talbot.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD.—MARIE LLOYD, in a new song scene, "Madame Sans-Gêne." R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY RANDALL, GEORGE ROBERT, George Lamb, GUS ELEN, The McNaughtons, HARRY LAUDER, the Pulaskis, Fanny Fields, and hosts of other stars.—Open 7.35. SATURDAY MATINEE at 2.15.

Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

B... ON EXHIBIT TO-DAY at the ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW, Drill Hall, Buckingham Gate, Westminster

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### ROYAL VISIT TO VIENNA.

Prince and Princess of Wales Start on Their Journey.

The Prince and Princess of Wales departed from Victoria very quietly yesterday for Dover, en route for Vienna, to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Their Royal Highnesses had a cordial reception at Dover, and when the special steamer *Empress*, on which they had embarked, left the harbour hearty cheers were raised.

The voyage across Channel to Calais was made in seventy minutes, and as the weather was fine the Prince and Princess remained on deck nearly the whole time.

Large crowds of French people assembled to cheer the Prince and Princess when they landed. Luncheon was served at the Terminus Hotel, and their Royal Highnesses subsequently left for Vienna by special train.

VIENNA, Monday.

Their Royal Highnesses will reside in the splendid suite of apartments reserved for royal guests, which King Edward occupied during his visit here last year. The rooms have been newly decorated for the occasion, and have been lavishly adorned with choice palms and flowers from the Imperial gardens at Schoenbrunn. The "Fremdenblatt" concludes a brief biography of the Princess with the assurance that throughout the length and breadth of the city the heartiest welcome will be given to the Princess May.—*Reuter*.

### SAILOR'S FATAL FIND.

On the arrival of the fishing smack *Alfred* at Ramsgate yesterday it was reported that on Saturday, when the vessel was off the Dutch coast, a small keg was seen floating in the water. A sailor named Goldsmith and a deck-boy put off in the dinghy, and having placed it in the boat Goldsmith attempted to open it. The keg exploded, and Goldsmith was blown to pieces, all traces of him disappearing.

It is considered that the keg contained dynamite, lost from a barge which went ashore on the Goodwin Sands last week.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Fine, sunny, and warm in all districts. Misty in the morning and at night.

Lighting-up time, 8.2 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth on all our coasts. Fog may be met with in the Irish Channel and North Sea.



## TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Their Majesties the King and Queen left Copenhagen for home yesterday. At Nyborg-Fuenen the royal train met with a slight mishap, the last carriage being derailed. The King and Queen in no way suffered harm, the journey being afterwards resumed.—(Page 3.)

Japanese torpedo destroyers made their appearance in Korea Bay, but retired under the fire of the batteries. Japanese transports are said to be heading for Kinchow, to the north of Port Arthur, and also at Ying-Kow. Near Vladivostok, a Japanese squadron has been seen.—(Page 2.)

The Tsar has expressed his readiness to lend his private fortune of £80,000,000 to the nation, if necessary.—(Page 2.)

Our campaign in Somaliland has come to an end. A statement to this effect was made in the House of Commons by Mr. Arnold-Forster, who added that the British troops were to be withdrawn.—(Page 2.)

Submarine A1 has been raised at last. The vessel is now in Portsmouth Dockyard. The inquiry on the victims will probably be opened to-day. A remarkable letter, written by one of the dead men and addressed to his wife, appears in this issue.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Austen Chamberlain introduces his first Budget this afternoon, and in view of the extra taxes looked for its coming is awaited with much anxiety.—(Page 3.)

Negotiations with the Chinese Minister respecting Chinese labour emigration into South Africa have been practically concluded.—(Page 2.)

On the resumption of the inquiry concerning the death of Mrs. F. D. Lee, the young bride whose body was discovered floating in the lake at Birkenhead Park, the jury returned a verdict of Found Drowned.—(Page 5.)

Near Farnham the body of a young stable lad has been found in a garden under circumstances pointing to robbery and murder. The police are making strict inquiry into the matter, but up to the present no arrest has been effected.—(Page 3.)

The young Royal Princes, Edward and Albert, are to be educated at a boarding-house situated in Westgate-on-Sea, commencing with the new term next week.—(Page 3.)

There was a dramatic end to the Foxwell Greene libel case. Called as a witness for the defence, Mrs. Vera Foxwell, wife of the plaintiff, objected to her love letters being read, and, bursting into tears, left the court.—The jury then stopped the case, and the Judge said there would be judgment for the defendant.—(Page 5.)

Primroses should not be scarce to-day, as an unusually large supply has been sent to the market. Lord Beaconsfield's statue is to be more lavishly decorated than usual.—(Page 4.)

On the ground of desertion and cruelty, Mrs. Ann Hall yesterday obtained a divorce from her husband, said to be the proprietor of a patent tonic wine.—(Page 5.)

Rangi Una, one of the leading chiefs of the Maories, is to sing native music at a West End concert this afternoon.—(Page 4.)

For allowing his children to beg in the streets while he remained in bed, an Enfield painter was ordered a month's hard labour.—(Page 5.)

In the Probate Court a hat and umbrella found were deemed sufficient evidence to presume the death of a Wandsworth lady last seen on board an Ostend mail boat.—(Page 6.)

At Paris is a young girl named Biret, who has won a prize of £10,000 in a lottery and lost her ticket. Five years must elapse before the law allows her to receive any interest, and another thirty before the capital sum can be touched.—(Page 3.)

Kingston-on-Thames police have in custody a boy of nine, who admits committing three burglaries with the aid of two youthful companions.—(Page 5.)

Miss Marie Lloyd appeared in a two-scene sketch as Madame Sans-Gene at the Oxford Music Hall last evening.—(Page 4.)

Having taken poison, a young Belgian sat down and wrote a romantic letter to his sweetheart before expiring. The jury investigating the case at Clerkenwell found the man ended his life while temporarily insane.—(Page 5.)

London enjoyed another springlike day yesterday. Experts anticipate a dry summer.—(Page 3.)

No less than £20,000 is annually paid by the Thames Conservancy for dredging operations. At yesterday's meeting it was stated that private firms licensed by the Board to carry on similar work did so at a profit.—(Page 4.)

Schoolboys enjoyed a miniature International football match at Tottenham, when teams representing London and Edinburgh were the sides. The first-named won by 7 goals to 1.—(Page 10.)

It is announced that the G.W.R. Company are making preparations to still further reduce the time in carrying the Atlantic mails from Plymouth to London.—(Page 4.)

On 'Change there was considerably less business doing, Home Kalls joining other stock in a downward tendency. Foreign bourse were dull.—(Page 10.)

## To-Day's Arrangements.

The House of Lords reassembles after the Easter recess.

Lord Rothschild presides at the annual banquet of Earlwood Asylum, at the Whitehall Rooms.

West India, George Watt on "Cotton Improvement," 15, Seething-lane, 3.45.

Concert at Stafford House in aid of the Hospital of SS. John and Elizabeth, 40, Grove End-road, N.W.

Mr. Asquith presides at a dinner of the council of the Liberal League, Criterion Restaurant.

University of Glasgow: Commemoration Day: Oration by Sir William Ramsay on Dr. Joseph Black; Sir William is the guest at the University banquet in the evening.

The Attorney-General presides at the annual meeting of the Bar, the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, 4.15.

City Lands Committee: Banquet, Alexandra Rooms, Trocadero, 6.30.

Racing: The Epsom Spring Meeting begins.

## TO-DAY'S BUDGET.

Gloomy Prospects for the Income Tax-payer.

### TAXES ON FOOD?

To-day Mr. Austen Chamberlain will introduce his first Budget. The taxpayer is waiting for his propositions with the keenest excitement? What will be the new source of revenue? And whom will the new duties most affect?

Speculation as to which of the following commodities will be taxed is eagerly discussed everywhere.

Corn. Petroleum and other oils. Imported Silk. Imported Timber. Sugar. Bicycles.

All trades are in a state of suspense; business all over the country is in an almost unexampled state of stagnation. The main point, which touches most people intimately, is whether or no there will be a rise in the income tax. At Lloyd's yesterday the insurance rate against this eventuality rose from fifty to fifty-five guineas per cent.

The rate for the possibility of a tax upon bicycles, motor-cars, petroleum, and imported timber was twenty per cent. The amount charged upon the chance of an extra tax upon tea, coffee, wines, and spirits, and foreign meat, remained at a comparatively insignificant figure—about five per cent.

### Taxes on Food.

At the Corn Exchange there was an atmosphere of philosophic calm. A leading broker told a *Mirror* representative that the members had made up their minds to accept anything that might come along. If the tax should be reimposed upon corn they were prepared for it; if it were not reimposed—well, so much the better.

In Mincing-lane, where the tea merchants most do congregate, everything was very quiet. Mincing-lane does not fear the result of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech to-day. As regards the suggested tax upon imported foreign meat, there is a very strong feeling. Such a tax would be absolutely cruel to the poorer classes, who cannot afford to purchase that somewhat elusive delicacy known as British meat. There is probably not enough edible live-stock in Great Britain and Ireland to furnish a supply for London alone for one week.

However, all these problems will be solved to-day. It is a momentous Budget; one of the most serious in our national history. It has fallen to the lot of a young man (and Mr. Austen Chamberlain at forty is young as Parliamentarians go) to face the music which his political opponents will undoubtedly make discordant. How will he come through the ordeal?

An officer of the Cyprus military police, who is now on a holiday visit to London, is attending the police courts and Scotland Yard, and studying English methods of dealing with criminal matters with the view of introducing some of them into Cyprus.

## KING STARTS HOMEWARD.

Slight Mishap to the Royal Train.

### A TOUCHING FAREWELL.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra left Copenhagen yesterday on their homeward journey.

Reuter's correspondent, telegraphing last evening from Nyborg-Fuenen, says a slight mishap to the train conveying King Edward and Queen Alexandra occurred there yesterday afternoon. As the train was going to the steam ferry boat which was to convey it across the sea from the island of Zealand to the island of Funen, the last carriage but one left the rails just as the four front wheels had passed the draw bridge between the ferry boat and the shore.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra were in the last carriage, which in consequence of this mishap remained standing on the ferry. A breakdown gang was summoned in all haste to clear the rails, and after the line had been cleared the royal train continued its journey, having been delayed two hours.

Their Majesties did not leave their carriage.

### The Queen's Emotion.

On their departure from Copenhagen in the forenoon their Majesties were accompanied to the station by King Christian and all the other members of the Danish Royal Family, the Ministers, the members of the Diplomatic Body, and a large number of other distinguished personages.

The scene at the final leave-taking was extremely touching. Queen Alexandra was deeply moved as she said good-bye to her venerable father, and repeatedly embraced and kissed him before she entered the carriage.

Two cruisers and four destroyers will escort the royal yacht Victoria and Albert from Flushing across the North Sea to Fort Victoria Pier, and a special train will convey their Majesties to Charing Cross, where they are timed to arrive at 6.45 this evening.

They will be met by an escort of the Royal Horse Guards, and there will be two four-horse carriages with postillions in attendance. Their Majesties will at once drive to Buckingham Palace by way of the north side of Trafalgar-square, Pall-mall, and the Mall.

It is understood that the King will go down to Epsom to-morrow to witness the race for the City and Suburban Stakes.

### His Majesty and School Sports.

In expressing the King's regrets that his Majesty cannot attend the London Schools' Athletic Association Sports on June 22, Sir F. Ponsonby writes:—

"The King desires me to assure the members of the South London Schools' Athletic Association that he regards with satisfaction the importance which is now attached to the physical development of children, and that he takes great interest in all institutions which have for their object the improvement of the physique of the young."

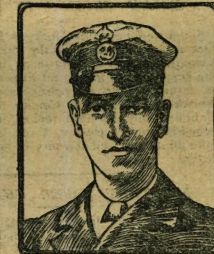
## THE CREW OF SUBMARINE A1.



W. J. PARKINSON, Chief Engine Room Artificer.



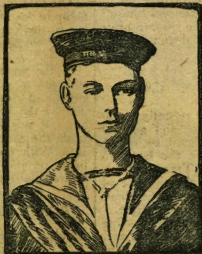
G. G. BAKER, First-class Petty Officer.



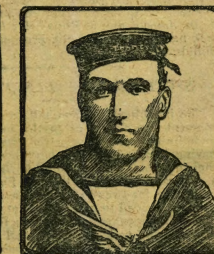
G. P. BALY, Engine Room Artificer.



A. E. FLEMING, Chief Stoker.



J. W. ROBERTS, Petty Officer.



A. B. ELLIS, Stoker.



P. S. WALLACE, A.B.



C. W. KING, A.B.



W. DUDGEON, A.B.

(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from photographs.)

## PRINCE EDDIE'S EDUCATION.

Our Future King to Go to Boarding School at Westgate-on-Sea.

The inhabitants of the peaceful Kentish coast town Westgate-on-Sea are greatly excited over the news that the young Royal Princes Edward and Albert are to be educated in their midst.

The school selected by the Prince and Princess of Wales, which has also been approved of by the King, is Wellington House Preparatory School for the sons of gentlemen. The head-master is Mr. Bull.

The young Princes will live at Selsfield House, in St. Mildred's-road, facing the large playground. The house was recently purchased by Mr. Bull, and has been thoroughly redecorated and furnished by a well-known London firm. The Duke of Portland's son, Lord Titchfield, is a pupil at Wellington House, and the Duke of Sutherland's sons were there until a few months ago.

The number of pupils is between fifty and sixty, from eight to twelve years of age.

Wellington House has delightful surroundings, and is considered one of the most select preparatory schools in the country.

The young Princes will take up their residence at Westgate-on-Sea about April 28, when the new term at Wellington House commences.

The large playground is open on two sides to the public road, and recently numbers of ladies with their children visited the scene and pointed out the house where the royal children were going to live and their playground.

### "CABINET" WEDDING.

The little Northamptonshire church of Lois Weeton was filled with people and made beautiful with flowers yesterday on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Cooper to Miss Lettice Long.

The bride, the pretty golden-haired young daughter of Mr. Walter and Lady Doreen Long, wore a simple white dress embroidered with silver and trimmed with Brussels lace, and she had superb pearl and diamond ornaments.

There were four bridesmaids, wearing pale yellow with touches of russet brown, and each one carried a huge basket of pale yellow roses.

The choir from St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, was taken down from town to sing at the ceremony.

A large house-party was staying at Weston Hall, where the reception was held, but there were few people present beyond relations of both families, on account of the recent death of Lady Isabel Lamont, the bride's aunt.

The presents were handsome, most admired of all being the diamond and pearl chain given by the bride's father and mother. Mr. Balfour gave a huge silver bowl.

### KAISER AS DANCING MASTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Monday Night.

At a congress of dancing masters being held here the president related an incident at one of the Court balls. The Kaiser noticed an officer who was dancing the minuet incorrectly. "Sir," he said, showing him the steps, "it is thus that one performs the minuet step and the Court salute."

The officer was covered with confusion, and took part in no more Court balls until he had been through a course of instruction.

### PRISONER'S CLEVER ESCAPE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Friday.

A prisoner has escaped from Cracow prison through remarkable effrontery. Having scratched the wood from the hinges of his cell door, so that it would open with a jerk, he contrived by clever alterations in his prison clothes to disguise himself as a sweep.

He thus passed the warders, and the gate-keeper unsuspectingly allowed him to pass. He has not since been seen.

### LOST KEY TO FORTUNE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Monday night.

A young girl of eighteen, named Marie Biret, is in the unfortunate position of having won a prize of £10,000 in a lottery, and of having lost her ticket.

A week ago, whilst out shopping, she had the misfortune to lose her purse containing the precious ticket, No. 2,244,631, which has drawn the first prize.

It is impossible for anyone else to obtain the prize, but it will be five years before the law will allow Marie Biret to receive any interest on her £10,000, and another thirty before she will be able to touch the capital sum.

### FROM CONVENT TO PRISON.

PARIS, Monday.

Sentence has been given in the case of Sister Camille, who deliberately took some goods in a shop in order that she might be arrested. Her plea is that since the Government have abolished the convents they are responsible for the care of those whom they have robbed of their homes, and it was for the purpose of forcing them to give her shelter in prison that she committed the theft. Sister Camille, writes our Paris correspondent, was sentenced to six days' confinement only.

### LONDON AS WARM AS BIARRITZ.

London yesterday enjoyed a noon temperature equal to that of Biarritz. The fineness of the weather, indeed, is extraordinary. So far only three-quarters of an inch of rain has fallen during the month.

The temperature, however, does not nearly reach the record, which is 82 degrees, attained on April 30, 1898.

At present there is every indication, in the opinion of experts, of a dry summer.



Mr. J. A. Kensit will oppose Sir J. Willox, the member for the Everton Division of Liverpool, at the general election.

Six weeks after application to the War Office a Malvern veteran has received the medal he earned in the Indian Mutiny forty-seven years ago.

Mr. John Fisher, formerly editor of the "Daily Chronicle," has accepted the invitation of the Canterbury Liberals to stand as their candidate at the next general election.

Thomas Goodwin, mate of the barge Walrus, was admitted to Rochester Hospital yesterday in a dying condition through burns caused by the explosion of a paraffin lamp on his vessel.

For breaking his leave Sub-Lieutenant R. H. Falkner, H.M.S. Hermes, was yesterday sentenced by a court-martial at Portsmouth to be severely reprimanded, to lose three months' seniority, and dismissed his ship.

#### KILLED BY A THREE-FOOT FALL.

Stumbling over a brick, Isaiah Bradley, a Dudley bricklayer, fell from a plank to the ground, a distance of 3ft. 3in., and died as a result of the fall. At the inquest the doctor stated that deceased had broken six ribs and bruised one of his lungs.

#### SIX-YEAR-OLD POET.

In a publisher's announcement it is stated that a volume of poems about to be issued contains "the work, unaided and unaltered, of a little girl, who wrote them when she was between six and ten years of age."

Surely this is a record.

#### FALL FROM A CLIFF.

At seven in the evening Thomas Turnbull, a boy of twelve, went to see the wreck of a vessel near Seaham. Three hours later his father found him lying at the foot of the cliffs, which are eighty feet high, and the lad died while he was being carried home.

#### MAGISTRATE MAKES A RECORD.

At Southwark Police Court yesterday Mr. Chapman disposed of sixty-three charges of drunkenness in forty minutes, inflicting fines at the rate of 12s. 6d. a minute. Mr. Chapman has thus broken his previous record of sixty cases in sixty minutes, producing an income in fines of 10s. per minute.

#### 110 MILES AN HOUR.

Lecturing on his mono-rail last night before the London Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Behr said he knew he could attain a speed of 110 miles an hour without any danger, as his trains could not run off the line. He could build more cheaply than other railways, give far greater facilities for fast traffic, do much to solve the housing problem, and give London a really good system of quick communication between the various termini.

#### MUSIC CAN NOW BE FELT.

It is now possible to feel music. The vibrochord, a recent invention, consists, says "Science Signifying," of an induction coil arranged to transform the vibrations of a piano or other instrument into electric pulsations and transmit them through the human body. The waves of harmony thrill the entire body. The difference in tones is very perceptible, and favourite airs produce more agreeable sensations than others. Music-feeing is now prescribed for insomnia, rheumatism, nervous prostration, and many other ailments.

#### THAMES MUD WORTH THOUSANDS.

At a meeting of the Thames Conservancy yesterday, Mr. Hobhouse, M.P., pointed out that while the Board spent about £20,000 on dredging operations during the year, and merely had the material conveyed to Barrow Deep, half a dozen firms who were licensed for twenty minutes, and paid the board a total of £1,650 were understood to make thousands of pounds by selling the dredged material. Mr. Cornwall said he believed that if the dredging now let privately were thrown open, tenders would be received which would considerably exceed the present total of £1,650.

#### PETROL CARS ON A RAILWAY.

Petrol-driven cars are about to be introduced on the North-Eastern Railway. During a recent experimental run near Darlington, a coach fitted with a Wolsley petrol motor, which would have held fifty passengers, ran at the rate of forty miles an hour. The petrol system is claimed to be more convenient and economical than steam propelled motor coaches, some of which have been introduced on the Great Western and other British railways, as no time is lost in getting up steam, whilst no fireman is required, petrol cars being worked by a driver and conductor.

#### MAORI SINGER IN LONDON.

In his picturesque native costume, Rangit Uia, one of the leading chiefs of the Maoris, will sing Maori music at a fashionably-attended concert this afternoon. Possessed of a fine tenor voice, the chief has been trained in New Zealand, and he came to England to introduce his native songs here.

And it is not unlikely that the quaint old Maori folk-songs, accompanied by rhythmic gestures, will become something of a "rage" this season.

"Even now, after an education in modern music," said Rangit Uia to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, "I am still filled with admiration for our native music. One of the things a visitor to New Zealand never forgets is the hearing of a large body of our people, perhaps a thousand, singing together one of the traditional songs. Perfect time and tune they keep, and the music is stranger still, they sing in a kind of harmony."

Dressed as he is represented in the illustration on page 6, the chief led the great war dance witnessed by the Prince and Princess of Wales when they visited New Zealand. This costume is a valuable heirloom, made of finely-spun flax, covered with the carved feathers of the Lua bird.

## MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

While a man named Wanchope was shooting rabbits in Tyrone, the trigger of his gun caught on a twig, and he was instantly shot dead.

Seeing some crows damaging his potato crop, Mr. Lyttle, a Derby farmer, lifted his gun to frighten them. The weapon went off and he died within a few minutes.

In a Lea Bridge-road tramcar a Mrs. Nicholls, of Cambridge Heath, was sitting with her six-months-old son in her arms when the child suddenly died. An inquest will be held at Clapton.

Herbert Spencer's autobiography will be published simultaneously in England and America on the 22nd of this month. The work will form two large volumes of 556 and 542 pages respectively.

#### LUCKY CHOIR BOYS.

Mr. Richard Hall, J.P., of Lincoln, has for some years been accustomed to give the choir boys of Lincoln Cathedral, of whom he was formerly one, a sum of £3 with which to celebrate his birthday. Mr. Hall, who has attained his eightieth year, has now invested £200 in Consols so as to provide in perpetuity a gift of £3 on his birthday.

#### WAS THIS SCOTTISH HUMOUR?

Andrew Kirkcaldy, the famous golf player, was summoned at St. Andrews Police Court yesterday for acting as caddy to Lord Dudley without wearing a badge or holding a license. Kirkcaldy pleaded "Not guilty," and, as the witnesses could not prove that he received payment for his services, a verdict of Not Guilty was returned.

#### LITTLE WONDER!

I.—DOWNING-STREET—Saturday morning.  
Mr. Chamberlain, before leaving town, drove round in the morning to the Prime Minister's official residence, 10 Downing-street, to see Mr. Balfour.  
II.—RANELAGH—Saturday afternoon.  
Mr. Balfour was "off his game."

This is the humorous view of the "Westminster Gazette" takes of the two items of news.

#### SAVED THIRTEEN LIVES.

At a meeting of the Thames Conservancy yesterday, Mr. Gilbert, L.C.C., drew attention to the fact that one of their employees, Geo. Moss, of East Molesey, had recently rescued a person from drowning, this making thirteen lives he had saved. Mr. Gilbert wished to know if the Board intended taking cognizance of Moss's gallant conduct. The chairman said he was afraid the Board could only place the facts before the Royal Humane Society, who might award Moss a medal.

#### KING'S MOTORS MAY RACE.

To the police forces throughout England a circular has been issued giving a minute description of the King's cars, which, it will be remembered, are not numbered, and strict instructions that "all facilities" are to be given for their progress on the road. Which is another way of saying, says "Motoring Illustrated," that they may travel as speedily as their royal passengers please.

#### EARLY CLOSING IN LONDON.

Some weeks ago the Hackney Borough Council sent a circular letter to the other metropolitan borough councils (twenty-seven in number) asking support for a movement to petition Parliament in favour of the compulsory closing of public-houses in the London County area at 11 p.m. Fourteen councils have replied in favour of the proposed earlier closing, three have resolved to take no action, and ten merely acknowledged the letter.

#### MS. THAT SAVED CHARLES II.

At a curio sale in King-street, Covent Garden, yesterday, there was offered an interesting MS. which was said to have saved the life of King Charles II. It is written in music notes, which when the paper is folded a certain way read "Conceal yourself. Your foes look for you." Given to the King after the battle of Worcester, it is supposed to have caused him to conceal himself in the famous oak at Boscomb. The reserve price was not reached, and the precious document was withdrawn.

#### STOPPING THE ELECTRIC CARS.

The inhabitants of Southall have recently made frequent complaints as to the noise and general undesirability of the electric cars, and no notice having been taken they have taken the law into their own hands. According to the Tramway Act, a cart may remain on the line for the purpose of unloading for twenty minutes, and so three shopkeepers decided to unload carts at a certain time.

The first appeared and within a few minutes a line of cars stood patiently waiting all down the street. After fifteen minutes or so the unloading was completed, and the trams restarted. But a few doors beyond a second van was commencing to discharge its load, and another stoppage was necessary. After this was finished, there was a third cart higher up the street again, and another wait was entailed.

By this time there were nearly fifty cars lining the High-street, which were finally allowed to proceed after an enforced rest of nearly an hour.

#### PRIMROSE DAY.

Yesterday there were only five small withered bunches of primroses in Covent Garden market. This seemed curious, considering the wealth of the woods and hedgerows, with masses of the pale yellow blossoms peeping out everywhere; but the reason was soon to be seen.

All the primroses were being reserved for Primrose Day, and there is an unusually large demand for them this year. Not only is Lord Beaconsfield's statue in Parliament-square to be more lavishly decorated than usual, but there are many weddings taking place at which all the favours are to be made of primroses.

The fainting away of the bride interrupted a marriage service at St. John's, Walworth, yesterday morning.

He stole from his employer because he wanted money to go to the St. Louis Exhibition, said an Austrian at Croydon yesterday. He was sent to two months' hard labour.

The will of the late Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, nephew of Sir William Harcourt, who died last month at Nuneham Park, Oxford, has been sworn at £150,188.

"Princess May's name will be justified on her visit to Vienna," remarks a gallant Viennese paper, "as she comes to us as the personification of spring—youth, radiant, and as fair as May."

#### NINE POSTMEN STEAL LETTERS.

The Recorder at the Old Bailey yesterday commented on the increase of letter stealing among poorly-paid postmen, there being nine cases in the present calendar.

#### LUXURIES FOR A PAGE-BOY.

When David Preece, a page-boy, was charged at Rushton with stealing £17 10s. from his master, it was alleged that he had spent some of the money in buying a bicycle and a gramophone. The lad was remanded.

#### THIEF'S CLEVER RUSE.

In a Ludgate-hill tailor's yesterday afternoon a pair of trousers which had been sent in for repairs carried a great deal of interest among the customers. A skilful thief had ripped them up on the outside of the pocket, and then completely cut the pocket itself and the contents away. This was accomplished without the victim of the robbery knowing anything whatever about it, and it was only on reaching home that he discovered his loss.

#### MR. CHURCHILL A LIBERAL CANDIDATE.

Mr. Winston Churchill has informed the Liberals of North-West Manchester that he will become a candidate for that constituency at the general election. Sir William Houldsworth, M.P., the member for the division, is in favour of tariff reform, and has represented the electors since 1883.

#### STABBED WITH A PIPE STEM.

After a quarrel in the Kennington Park-road John Hax stabbed Arthur Wade in the cheek with a pipe stem. The wounded man went to a doctor with the stem imbedded in his cheek, and an operation was necessary before it could be removed. When arrested Hax said it had been a fair fight, and at the Lambeth Police Court yesterday he explained that in the heat of the moment he had forgotten that he had the pipe in his hand. He was remanded for a week.

#### ARTFUL ADULTERATORS.

Some adulterating tradesmen make a life never to sell any doubtful article to a strange gentleman. The Board of Agriculture's inspector gets over the difficulty by employing a charwoman or a lad to do the purchasing every Saturday night for two weeks. For the first four weeks, says the "County Gentleman," possibly, the stranger is supplied with genuine butter; but for the next two, being then evidently ranked as a regular customer, receives the adulterated article. And then something happens.

#### 2,000 HANDS OUT OF WORK.

Owing to an inrush of water in the "A" pit, Wearmouth Colliery, Sunderland, about 2,000 men and boys are rendered idle. The break away occurred while only seventy men were in the pit, and all were got out safely.

#### MARIE LLOYD AS SANS-GENE.

Miss Marie Lloyd achieved a new success as Madame Sans-Gene at the Oxford last night. She appeared as the immortal washerwoman in a little two-scene sketch written by Mr. J. P. Harrington. The first scene depicts the washerwoman, with Sans-Gene in scarlet petticoat and tri-coloured sash, singing an invitation "Come in, little Corsican Bonaparte," while fitting gaily between steaming wash-tubs.

In the second scene she is the Court lady, but still the washerwoman, despite her Empire silk gown and longnette. She sings pathetically, pleading for the life of a friend, and finally producing her old washing bill as a reminder of the days when the austere Emperor was glad to accept her aid. With the closing of the song Napoleon appears on the steps of the throne and grants the desired pardon.

#### ORGAN GRINDERS MUST MOVE ON.

"Organ grinders must know that if any one complains they must go, notwithstanding other people's inducements or requests to remain," said the Westminster magistrate yesterday.

#### "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

The Mermaid Society is responsible for some excellent performances at the Court Theatre of Congreve's old play, "The Way of the World."

For all modern intents and purposes the play is just a means for getting people in the most charming costumes of King Charles's time—powder and patches and all—to come on the stage and say the cleverest things that were ever written.

Few would recognise the romping chambermaid of "San Toy" in the exquisite lady of fashion who languishes in "The Way of the World" under the name of Miss Ethel Irving, acting in a piece of consummate art. She speaks as though each word were perfumed, and all the time there is just the right suggestion of real sincerity behind every affection.

Whether Congreve's wit is suited to modern tastes or no, the Mermaid Society's experiment is by no means wasted.

Admiral Seymour, who has done splendid work for his country in the Crimea, Egypt, and China, is seriously ill.

At Ainsdale, near Southport, a Bordeaux oyster merchant has arranged to lay down on the shore two million oysters.

Noticing that the water did not run very freely in the mill stream at Mitcham, the fishing bailiff lifted the sluice gate, when the body of a well-dressed woman rose to the surface.

The Islington Parish Church restoration, which has cost £14,000, has increased the sitting accommodation from 850 to 1,000. A special pew is provided for the mayor and borough councillors.

R. S. Sievier (formerly owner of Septre) v. Sir James Duke, Bart., is an action likely to be heard during this week. The action arises out of some words said to have been spoken in the Raleigh Club.

#### THROUGH CIGARETTES AND NOVELS.

To the reading of novels and the smoking of cigarettes, the father of John Capstaff, charged at Newcastle with having stolen a bicycle, a silver watch, and a suit of clothes, attributed his son's behaviour. The father, to whom the property belonged, pleaded that the prisoner should have "another chance," and the bench agreed.

#### LAW AND THE SERVANT.

In giving judgment against a servant, who had left without giving notice, Judge Addison at Southwark yesterday said that for a servant dismissed without notice the damage was by custom fixed at one week or one month's wages, according to the current hiring. But in the reverse case the master was entitled to whatever damage he could prove as a result of the breach.

#### "WORM-CATCHER" SENTENCED.

"I am a worm-catcher," said Albert Visey, when a detective asked him what he was doing in the grounds of Brookville House, Walthamstow. But as he had been seen trying to force the windows of the house, and had been previously convicted, this was not regarded as a satisfactory explanation. At Enfield prisoner was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

#### "BETTER WITHOUT ME."

To his wife, just before committing suicide, a Northwick postman wrote the following message: "My darling Susanah—I can stand this no longer. I am off to do away with myself. You will be better without me. I have been a bad husband. Kiss my dear children."

#### TO COMPETE WITH FOREIGN FRUIT.

The East Sussex County Council is instituting experimental fruit farms, to provide local farmers with object-lessons that may help them in competing with foreign fruit-growers and withstanding the results of bad seasons. Frant, Groombridge, and other villages on the Kentish border of Sussex, says "Country Life," are spoken of as the sites of the farms, which are intended to be of no more than a quarter of an acre each in area.

#### LAST SLEEP ON A PLATFORM.

Having his attention drawn to a man sitting apparently asleep on a bench at Menston Railway station, a porter tried to rouse him. Failing in his first attempt the porter lifted the man up, and was then horrified to find that he was dead. The unfortunate person, named Joseph Huggan, had slumped into the station and sat down some two hours before, but, thinking he was intoxicated, no one had gone to his assistance. Medical evidence showed that he died from natural causes.

#### NEW USE FOR HAIRPINS.

Many and varied are the uses of hairpins. As pipe-cleaners they have no rival, and it is on record that sometimes, twisted into the shape of an initial, they have been left in lieu of visiting-cards. But the "Motor Cycle" mentions another service they may render.

Drivers of motor-cycles for two, it says, should never forget that, though they may omit to carry split pins in their wallets, there are other articles of almost equal use which ladies never omit to insert in their lovely tresses. A thin hairpin is almost as much value as gold wire to a motorcyclist in trouble.

#### RACE FOR THE MAELS.

The Great Western Railway are making preparations for another fast run with the Atlantic mails from Plymouth to London next Saturday. The railway hope to beat the record of the 9th of this month, when their train covered the 246 miles in 257 minutes.

There would have been another attempt at a record last Saturday had it not been for an accident to the liner New York.

#### PERSONAL.

E. T.—Will accept £3; remainder as letter if cannot do better.  
ASTA.—Instructions lost. What am I to do? This is urgent.—KONO.

MINNIE.—Communicate or see "N." New Compton-street, Impington.

NANCY.—Send letters to Liverpool. Shall be there all the week. Am longing to see you.—JOHNNY.

LOST.—Irish terrier dog, named Toby; good reward given on returning to St. Kestrel-avenue, Henne Hill, A. to S.—Why this long silence? Always trusted and believed you; don't treat me with contempt. Tell me the truth. Still the same old friend.—J. H.

LOST.—On Thursday, a black Schipperke dog, answering to the name of "Schaaps." Anyone bringing the dog to 114, Eaton-square, will be rewarded.

M.—Have had registered letter posted Leadenhall-street. Am broken-hearted. But will freely forgive and keep all secret if you will return. Do let me know where I can communicate with you. Think of motherless children.

\*.\* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They may be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after—Address: Advertisement Manager, Mirror, 4, Carnarvon-street, London.



## WITNESS IN TEARS.

Dramatic Climax to the Mother-in-Law Case.

## YOUNG WIFE'S LOVE LETTERS.

A writer of melodramas setting himself to depict a law court "situation" could not well imagine anything more sensationally pathetic than the scene that unexpectedly brought the Foxwell-Shafto Grene case to an end yesterday afternoon.

A sobbing woman, setting all the traditions, conventions, and penalties for contempt of the High Court at defiance, refused to stay in the witness-box, and rushed from the court to take refuge from cross-examination.

Not only did the woman's tears protect her from the consequences that such contempt would bring on an ordinary witness, but those tears led to the case coming to an immediate end. A sympathetic and indignant jury were so moved by the tears that they at once stopped the case, and found a verdict for the sobbing woman's mother.

King's Bench Court III, was again forced to accommodate a great many more people than it was built for, when the libel action brought by Mr. Caleb Henry Foxwell against his mother-in-law, Mrs. Shafto-Grene, of Kempton Lodge, Exeter, was resumed.

## Curious Spectators.

A great number of ladies had come to the Court to see how Mr. Foxwell's wife, formerly pretty Miss Vera Shary Foxwell, would bear herself in the witness-box when she was called to support her mother against her husband.

Very seldom has a more beautiful witness than Mrs. Vera Foxwell gone into the witness-box. Her beauty is of the type that novelists call "girlish"—she has only recently come of age—and it was set in a charmingly simple and demure costume.

It was not, however, until Mrs. Foxwell had answered the opening questions of her counsel that the Court realised what a winning personality had strayed into such an unsuitable place as a witness-box. Her answers were graced with frankly embarrassed smiles and an innocent ex-school roomish candour that made every spectator in court instantly her friend.

The spectators looked round among one another as if to see whether her governess was present, and they found it very difficult to believe, when they reminded themselves of the fact, that the girl before them was a married woman and a mother.

## Counsel's Compliments.

Mr. Stewart, to whom what must have been to him the unpleasant task of cross-examining this fair witness fell, in the absence of his leader, Mr. Terrell, himself bore testimony to her charms when he began his cross-examination. "Are you surprised that a young man fell in love with you passionately?" he asked as he questioned her about the attachment that sprang up so suddenly between her and Mr. Foxwell on the Waterford boat.

Mrs. Foxwell in reply stared at him with wondering, dark eyes.

Before Mr. Stewart's turn came, however, Mrs. Foxwell had given her version of her courtship and marriage; to Mr. Pollock, the junior counsel on her side.

She told him how the man who afterwards turned out to be a clerk in the staff of a condensed milk company had won her affections.

From her evidence it appeared that Mr. Foxwell, instead of telling her that he had been a cycle agent, declared that he was a young man who had passed all his military examinations, and was on his point of going into the army. Instead of divulging the fact that he had been an assistant in a furniture shop, he talked to her of shooting parties. Instead of describing how he had been an extra steward on a cross-Channel steamer, he interested her with descriptions of his experience at dances at houses of the well-to-do. Instead of admitting that with many cousins he was co-heir to the moderate property of an uncle who lived in a little house in a country town, he asserted that he was sole heir to a county magistrate, who owned a great park and hall in Gloucestershire.

In proof of the last assertion, Mr. Foxwell produced a photograph purporting to be that of his rich uncle's park gates.

## Unpleasant Awakening.

Mrs. Foxwell then told the whole of her sad story, declaring that it was not she who had been instrumental in bringing about the secret marriage. She was "frightened" into it by Mr. Foxwell, who told her that her people would never let her marry him unless she took her opportunity.

Then when she married him, and he took her to Clonmel, she found that all he could offer her was two rooms, and the assurance that she had better do without housekeeping money, because she ought to let the tradesmen give as much credit as they would.

"But it was not poverty I objected to," she added. "He did not treat me as I expected. But I was determined to believe in him just as if he had treated me properly."

When Mr. Stewart began his cross-examination Mrs. Foxwell was as naively frank and gracious as she had been to Mr. Pollock, but when counsel in the course of his duty proceeded to read letters that had been written by her to the man who won her heart, a tell-tale moisture began to obscure the brightness of her eyes.

## The Love Letters.

Suddenly little sobs made their appearance, and when references to "Vera" and her "Harry" were read great sobs came.

"I don't think it is fair to read my love letters," she sobbed. "I think it is very mean to read my love letters. I think it is awfully mean."

Then a handkerchief was produced, and the Court looked on while poor Vera sobbed with a feeling that it would like to relieve itself by joining her.

"Go on," said Mr. Justice Lawrence, after a very uncomfortable pause.

Mr. Stewart: "My lord, I don't think I will put it to the witness."

Mr. Justice Lawrence (very sternly): But you have put it—every word of it—to this poor girl. Now you have begun your own story."

"Please understand that I don't want to hurt your feelings," said Mr. Stewart, after he had re-

## YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

marked that "he knew that tears were a ready refuge."

As Mrs. Foxwell had apparently recovered from her emotion, Mr. Stewart proceeded to read more letters. These dealt with the delicate period of their marriage, when she was living—her marriage still concealed—in her mother's house. At that time, she had told the jury, another gentleman was behaving in a very friendly manner to her, and her position, in her own words, was "very awkward, you know."

The letters that moved Mrs. Foxwell to further, and what proved to be final, tears contained the following extracts:—

"Pray very hard for your Vera. Pray I may be endowed with very keen foresight. Lead us not into temptation. Say that very hard for Vera."

"It's been such a very bad, bad dream, but you are coming to save your wee wife."

Mr. Stewart was in the act of beginning another letter, which he said was necessary for his case, when he was interrupted by an outburst from the witness-box.

"I won't have all my letters read out—I—I won't stand it!" said Mrs. Foxwell, as she once more was overcome by piteous, indignant sobbing, and with these words she turned and left the witness-box, and rushed out of court, the crowded gangways squeezing a passage for her.

## The Jury Interfered.

She left silent consternation behind, which was ended by the foreman of the jury rising and saying that his fellow jurors wished to bring the case to an end. It was only one point, he said, to learn more about the "Julie Smith telegrams," that had prevented them from interfering before.

In spite of Mr. Stewart's protests—Mr. Stewart declared that the whole case ought to be heard—the jury then found a verdict for the defendant.

Mr. Justice Lawrence, in entering judgment, said that he had expected that the jury would have stopped the case before.

Turning to Mr. Stewart, who was still protesting that he was entitled to address the jury, the Judge said, "You may address them, but I shall not be present during the operation."

The news of what had happened was taken by a friend to the tearful Mrs. Foxwell outside the court with the words, "It is all right. You have won your case." And, indeed, she had accelerated the victory.

## NINE-YEAR-OLD BURGLAR

Confesses the Crimes of Himself and His Companions.

From the youngest of the trio of boy burglars who have been arrested for breaking into three Nonconformist chapels in Kingston and Norbiton, the police have received the story of their escapades.

The lad, whose name is Alfred Cunnett, is only nine years old. His companions in crime, his brother James and a boy named Arthur Perrett, are both aged eleven.

In the confession which he has made, Alfred Cunnett says that he and his brother and Perrett, who took a chopper from an adjoining house, broke into a chapel in Victoria-road, Norbiton, and took the money from the alms boxes.

Explaining the two burglaries which they afterwards committed at Kingston, he states:

"The next morning we all went to Morrison's coffee-shop, and had a dinner, Perrett paying for it, and went to the theatre in the evening."

"On Saturday we went into the Baptist chapel. Jim broke the window with a stone."

"We then went to the mission hall (meaning the Friends' Meeting House). Perrett opened the window, and we all had some tea. Jim and Perrett broke the cups."

"Jim and Perrett would not take me with them when they have got other jobs."

The lads are said to have stolen altogether £2 in cash, six bottles of sacramental wine, and 130 spoons. The Kingston magistrates yesterday remanded them, with a view to their being sent to an industrial school.

## SMOKE PREFERRED TO LIBERTY.

Entering a shop in the Strand, an ill-clad man named Craig ordered a pipe and an ounce of tobacco. Receiving the articles he ran from the shop, but was arrested and taken back by a police man.

The manager offered to let him go if he returned the things, but Craig said that as he had got them he would not do that.

He was sent to fourteen days' hard labour.



DR. JOACHIM.

On May 27, the sixtieth anniversary of his first appearance in London, Dr. Joachim, the violinist, will be presented at Queen's Hall with a portrait of himself by Sargent. The Premier will preside. (Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)

## LOVER'S DEATH MESSAGE.

Suicide's Dramatic Letter to His Sweetheart.

In a painfully dramatic manner the sweetheart of Paul Newjean, a young Belgian electrical engineer, learnt the news that her lover had committed suicide.

After taking a dose of poison at his lodgings in Charing Cross-road, the young man sat down and wrote to her, telling what he had done, and before he laid down his pen he added that he had already begun to feel the effects of the poison. This letter, together with another addressed to Newjean's brother, and two bottles, one containing laudanum and the other prussic acid, was found on a table.

A card lay on the table also. On it Newjean had written: "I am committing suicide. Tell the justices not to trouble about me, for you will receive your money from my father as soon as he gets my letter. Thanks very much for your kindness. Should I not be dead call a doctor. But I believe it will be all over then."

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned at the inquest at Clerkenwell yesterday.

## SYSTEMATIC LAZINESS.

Father Lays in Bed While His Children Begged.

Systematic laziness practised by an Enfield painter named Francis Spicer, has led to his prosecution at the local police court by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

With his wife and five children, Spicer occupied lodgings, and the following diary of the manner in which they lived was furnished by their landlady:—

Monday.—No food. Father in bed.

Tuesday.—One girl went out, and returned with bread concealed under a cloak.

Wednesday.—Mother pawned a coat given her by a Sunday school teacher; bought bread. Father still in bed.

Thursday.—Little girl sent out to beg. Returned about mid-day, and the father said, "Have you got anything?" When the girl said "No," the father replied, "You lazy thing you haven't tried," after which the child again went out, crying bitterly.

Spicer was ordered one month's hard labour.

## LOST FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

Theory That She Has Been Kidnapped for Her Beauty.

No trace has yet been found of Nelly Toomey, the pretty four-year-old child who has been missing from her home in St. George's-in-the-East since yesterday week.

Scotland Yard detectives have been hunting for the child for a week, but have found no clue to guide them.

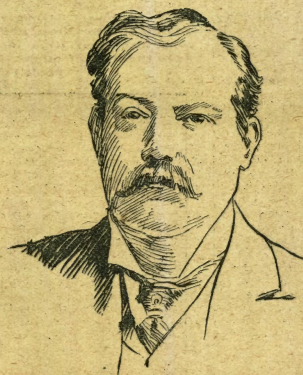
Nelly was passionately attached to her mother. Once she asked her: "What would you do, mummy, if you lost your little Nelly?" In reply her mother took her in her arms and hugged her.

"I should cry all day if I lost my mummy," said the child.

To assist those on the look-out for her, Nelly Toomey is described as a pretty, intelligent-looking baby girl, four years old, rather small for her age, she is well-nourished, but not fat. Her hair, which hangs slightly over her forehead, and eyes are dark. When last seen she was hatless and wearing a white silkine frock, white embroidered pinafore, and little strapped black shoes, down at the heel.

"I think," said Mrs. Smith, her godmother, to a "Mirror" representative, "that she was picked up by a Romany woman on account of her beauty. Her clothes were not worth anything."

Little Nelly had never been to school. She was taken there a few days before her disappearance, but the teacher said, "You are such a pretty, bright baby, I should like to have you in my school, but there is no room for you."



PROFESSOR ATKINSON.

who specialised as a "bone-setter," and was generally known as "the bloodless surgeon," has just died. He did not believe in drugs or the surgeon's knife, but was well known for his wonderful cures. That the King was not lame after the accident to his knee is often attributed to Professor Atkinson's attention. (Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)

## GIRL-BRIDE'S FATE.

Mystery of Her Death by Drowning Remains Unsolved.

## STRANGE LETTERS.

No direct evidence was forthcoming at the resumed inquest on Frances Dolores Lee, at Birkenhead yesterday, to show how the body of the eighteen-year-old bride of Alfred Harries Lee, who has been accused of her murder, got into the lake in Birkenhead Park. The explanation given by the husband was that, while they were walking outside the park on the night of April 2 there was a slight difference between them. His wife suddenly left him, and climbing over an iron gate 7ft. high, disappeared from view. The next morning the police found her body in the lake.

After a number of witnesses had been called, the coroner, in summing up, said the story Lee had told was quite consistent with his innocence, although there were certain suspicious circumstances connected with the case which justified the police in the proceedings they had taken.

A verdict of Found Drowned was returned by the jury, there being no evidence, in their opinion, to show how Mrs. Lee got into the water.

## Story of the Elopement.

The principal witnesses called were Mr. and Mrs. Barker, the father and mother of the dead girl, and the inspector who conducted the search after Lee had reported his wife's disappearance. The other stated that his daughter and Lee had only been acquainted about a month.

In February the couple went away together, and wrote a letter home stating that they were committing suicide by taking laudanum. His daughter wrote: "I hope you will forgive us for what I have done. I have taken this laudanum without Alf's consent. I could not live without Alf. I want you to bury us together. Don't try to save us, or we shall attempt it again. Let us die in peace."

After this incident he knew that the couple were determined to get married, so he agreed to the union. They came to live at his house, but a week before the tragedy he ordered Lee to leave because he was idle and would not work.

In answer to questions by Lee's solicitor, the witness said he did not think his daughter was impetuous. He knew nothing of a letter in which she said: "Let's forget about last night; my temper and passion always get in the way." Inspector Stockton said that at midnight on April 2 he was called upon by Mr. Barker to assist in a search for his daughter. Lee was also present and informed the inspector how his wife had climbed over an iron gate and got into the park, and that he had followed, but failed to find any trace of her.

## Searching the Park.

A search party was formed, and the search was continued all night. About six o'clock in the morning the hat belonging to the girl was found near the lake. At this discovery, Lee said nothing, but became very agitated when the police commenced to drag the lake.

The body of the girl was recovered from the lake about a quarter of past eight on the Sunday morning, and was fully clothed, the mackintosh being buttoned all the way down from top to bottom. Lee was charged with her murder two days later, and in reply said, "I am absolutely innocent."

In cross-examination the inspector said that on the spikes of the gate where Lee said his wife had climbed over there were marks of mud. There was no sign of any struggle having taken place on the bank of the lake.

## Two Attempts at Suicide.

Mrs. Barker, mother of the dead girl, said that after the couple had attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum, her daughter told her that Lee had had some money difficulties. Lee bought the poison. They had twice attempted suicide in this way.

Her daughter thought the marriage with Lee had been a mistake. Her daughter, and Lee seemed very fond of each other, however, she said, in the course of cross-examination. They were always together, and the girl had told her they used to go into the park by a private way when the gates were closed.

"While he was in Birkenhead Bridewell the following letter was found upon him:—'I know very well my heart is weak, and may give way with to-night's strain. If my Dolly is alive I am satisfied; if not, of course, I shall go to her, but I think God has spared her for me and answered my prayer.'"

One witness called during the proceedings was Father David Caldairn, a priest from Perthshire, who said that for some time he lodged with Lee, who, on April 2, introduced him to the dead girl as his wife. In the course of the interview Lee said, "What an unfortunate marriage."

Mrs. Lee seemed in the best of spirits, but she told Father Caldairn that her husband was always down-hearted and brooding.

At the conclusion of the evidence, Lee's solicitor said that his client would not say anything at that inquiry. In view of the jury's finding, his appearance before the magistrates to-day is awaited with much interest.

## "DOUBLE LIFE" ENDS IN DIVORCE.

Mr. Justice Barnes, sitting in the Divorce Court, heard the undefended petition of Mrs. Ann Hall for a divorce by reason of the desertion and cruelty of her husband, Mr. H. J. Hall, said to be the proprietor of a patent tonic wine.

Counsel stated that, in 1892, when living at Ilford, Essex, petitioner was told by Mr. Hall that he could not afford to keep her any longer in this country. Consequently she and the children went to live at Geneva. Four years later she wished to return, but her husband would not hear of it. When taxed with leading a double life he said she would have to prove it. Inquiries showed the respondent to be so living at Bognor.

Prior to this, a deed of separation had been drawn up, and it was submitted that at the time petitioner did not know of her husband's misconduct.

His Lordship granted a decree nisi with costs, and custody of the children.



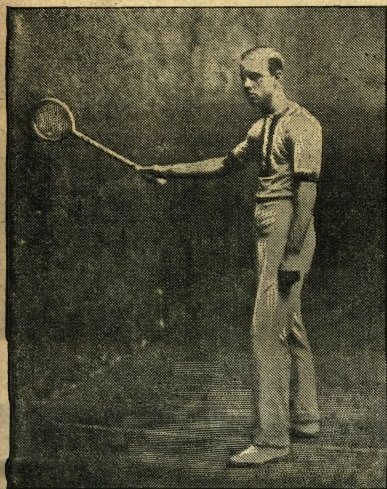
# "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" IS GROWING—T

DAILY LIFE IN LONDON'S ZOO.

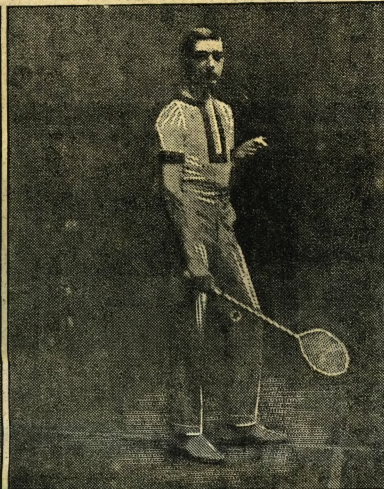


The rhinoceros indulges in one of his special luxuries—a mud-bath.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS CHAMPIONS.



E. L. WRIGHT.



HON. C. N. BRUCE.

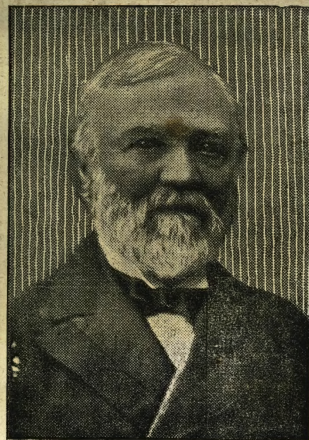
In the final round of the Public Schools Racquets Championship, Winchester College, represented by the Hon. C. N. Bruce and Mr. E. L. Wright, beat Malvern College.

TO-DAY'S NOVEL CONCERT GIVER.

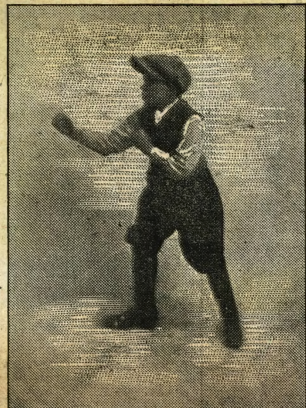


The Chief Rangi Uia, of the New Zealand Maoris, is giving a concert to-day at 17, Cadogan-place, S.W.—(Photograph by Walter Barnett.)

MR. CARNEGIE GIVES £1,000,000

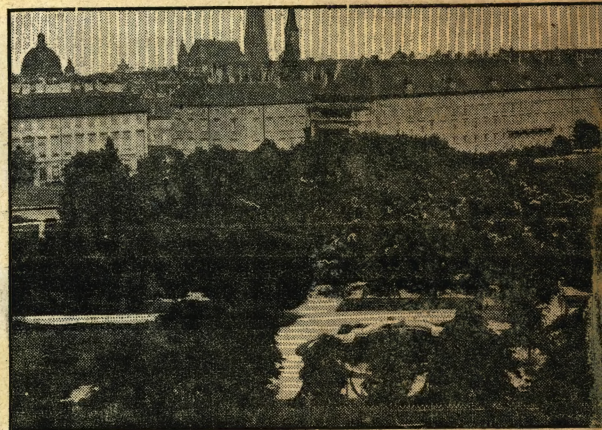


Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given £1,000,000 for those dependent on men who lose their lives in attempting to save the lives of others.—(Photograph by Poole.)



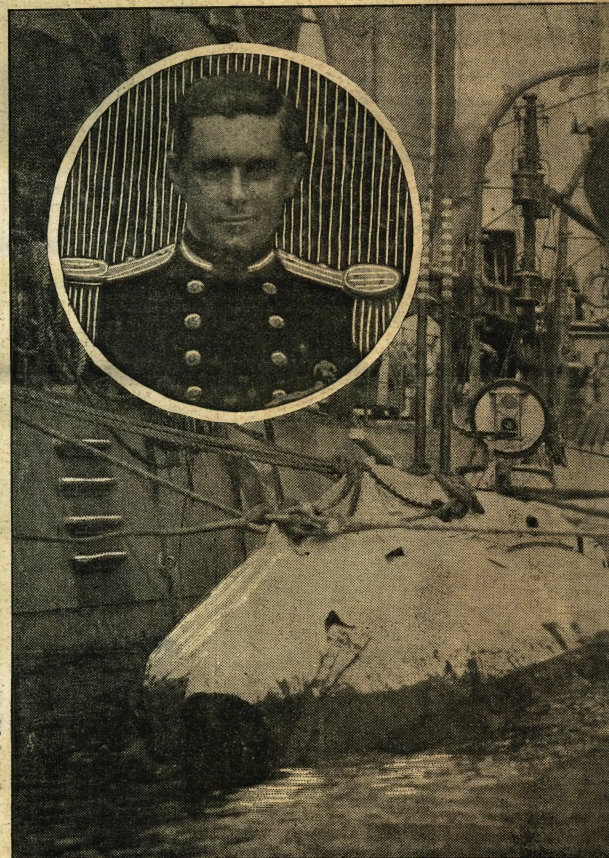
Little Albert Valchera, though only eleven years old, plays in the "Cherry Girl."

WHERE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF



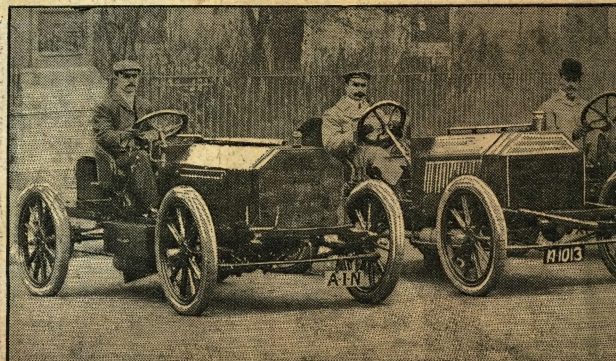
The Prince and Princess of Wales left London yesterday on a visit to Austria, to visit the Emperor Francis Joseph. They will stay in the Hofburg, the royal residence.

THE A1 WAS



The A1, with her ghastly burden, has returned to the surface after four weeks and has been taken shortly before her last voyage.

FIVE NAPIER CARS OF 410 HORSE-POWER

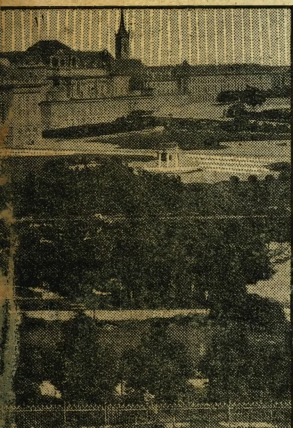


These five Napier cars have been registered for the Gordon Bennett eliminating trial. The first is a 75-h.p. car; next Mr. S. F. Edge, 90-h.p.; Mr. Mark Mayhew, 90-h.p.; Mr. John I.



# CIRCULATION IS NOW OVER 149,000 PER DAY.

ES WILL STAY.



They will be the guests of the Emperor in Vienna.

MARRIED TO-DAY.



Miss Agatha Thynne, who is to be married to Lord Hindlip to-day in Westminster Abbey.

THE COMMANDER OF THE SUBMARINES.



Captain Bacon, commander of the submarine flotilla, inspecting yesterday's successful operations to raise the sunken At.

AMERICAN CRICKETERS FOR ENGLAND.



Haverford College, Philadelphia, is sending this team for a cricket tour against the English public schools.

ED YESTERDAY.



bottom of the sea. These photographs of two of her sister ships and her commander, vice.—(Photographs by Cribb, Southsea, and Russell, London.)

PRETTY LITTLE PLAYER. DRAMATISED "THE WHEAT KING."

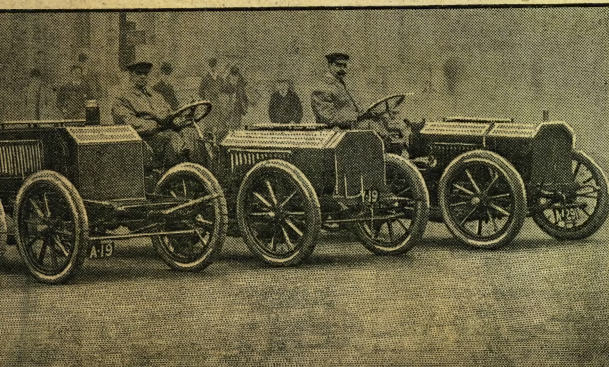


Little Miss Decima Brooke, who is playing so successfully in "The Cherry Girl" at the Vaudeville Theatre.—(Photograph by Secundus Ward.)

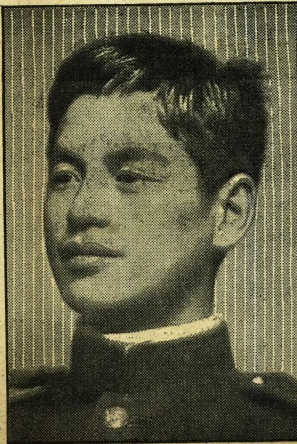


Miss Elliott Page, who, with Mrs. Ashton Johnson, adapted the new play, "The Wheat King," so successfully produced on Saturday, from Mr. Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit."

FOR THE GORDON BENNETT TRIALS.

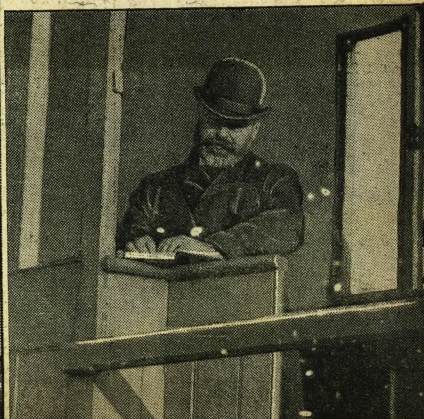


to be held in the Isle of Man. On the left of the picture is Mr. Clifford Earp, with 75-h.p.; and Mr. J. W. Stocks, 80-h.p.—(Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.)



This is the type of man of which Japan's Army is made.

TO JUDGE THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.



Mr. Robinson will act as judge at the Epsom Races this week. The Great Metropolitan is run to-day and the City and Suburban to-morrow.



# WHAT MEN OBJECT TO IN A GIRL.

## SUMMER'S CLAIMS.

### HOT-WEATHER BLOUSES IN GREAT DEMAND.

So extraordinarily beautiful is the weather now that the shops are besieged by women who want to make good the gaps in their wardrobes. It is truly the type of April of which Browning wrote, a month those English folk who live abroad must long to see in England. But certainly an April of this kind is the very one that clamours for good clothes.

I notice that the wise girls when they shop lie to the blouse counters, for a new and pretty blouse certainly works wonders in freshening up an elderly gown, or giving a new one its finishing touch and beauty.

#### A Great Blouse Sale.

Always ready to help her customers to a good bargain in the good moment, Maude Taylor, of 163b, Sloane-street, London, S.W., has arranged a great blouse sale for to-day and the following days, at which she will sell a marvellous array of lovely shirts. I will mention a few prices, assured of interesting those who are concerned with the problem of how to dress well on a moderate income; but as I cannot name all the lovely things in detail, I will add that a catalogue should be sent for at once. As it is an illustrated one, it will be of the greatest and most practical service to those who do their shopping by post.

There are 600 batiste blouses trimmed with imitation Cluny lace, that cost only 4s., 12s., and 500 Japanese silk ones priced at 7s. 11d. each, which is just 5s. under their usual cost. The crepe de Chine models are many and very beautiful, and the reduction at which they are being sold is

## WOMEN MEN DISLIKE.

### THE MASCULINE ONE IS VERY MUCH TABOO.

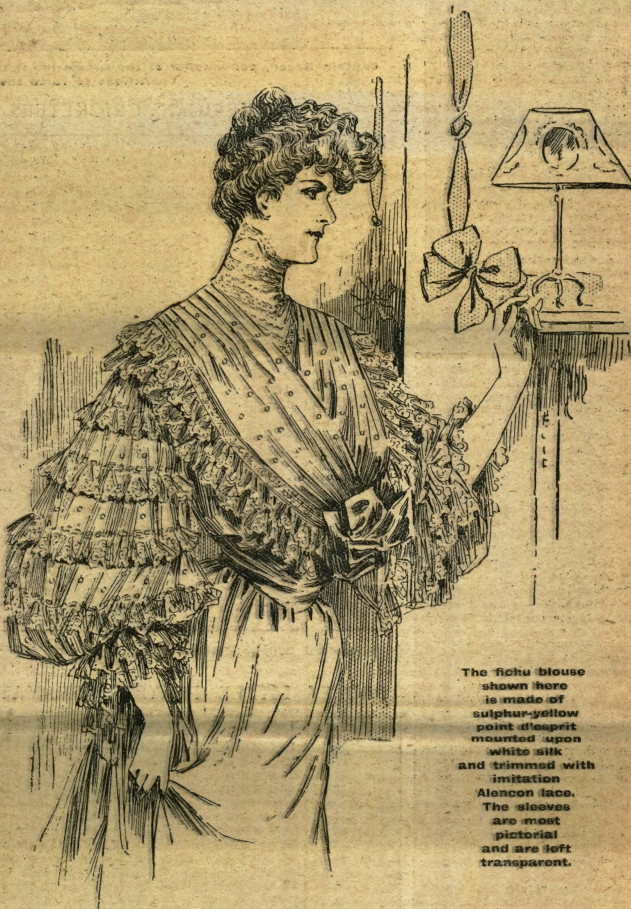
One can pretty well gather from the pages of the Press, and the frankly-expressed opinions one hears in society, what are the things men most strongly object to in the girls of the present day.

The opinion is pretty unanimous against the masculine girl. It would, perhaps, astonish many a girl who prides herself on her smart slang, the

Even the worst of men expect to find a respect for higher things in the sex that ought to help them along the road to heaven; and when they are disappointed their repulsion from the disappointment is sincere.

If the girls who make flippant speeches had any idea of the effect they produce in the minds of the very men who may laugh, they would, perhaps, receive a shock which might be salutary.

Men dislike girls who hunt them down. Alas! that such an expression should be possible to use in connection with a sex whose dearest privilege it ought to be to be wooed and won. Yet the hideous fact remains that some girls, when their chances of matrimony are becoming less, are unwomanly



The fichu blouse shown here is made of sulphur-yellow point d'esprit mounted upon white silk and trimmed with imitation Alençon lace. The sleeves are most pictorial and are left transparent.



One of Maude Taylor's blouses, made of the new fabric, all silk paillette, adorned with hand-made lace and linen.

enormous; for though the usual price is 35s., 200 models are marked at one guinea each only.

Besides blouses, Maude Taylor is selling off some lovely nun's veiling jackets trimmed with lace, which ought to cost nearly 30s., but are marked down to 12s. 11d. each; 200 flared silk skirts at 12s. 11d. each, which are ordinarily over 24s.; and Empire nun's veiling gowns at equally alluring prices. As she makes muslin dresses from three guineas, and linen frocks from two, her acquaintance is well worth cultivation, for no fabrics are smarter during the hot weather months.

#### FIX'D BY GUM.

### HUNT'S LIQUID BLACKLEAD.

Lastest and Brilliant.

No dust, little labour. Of Oilmen and Grocers, 1d., 3d., 6d. Patented, 25, Bishop's-lane, Falmouth.



#### TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Allowed on every order. Money with carriage charges refunded without question if not perfectly satisfactory. Highest grade fully warranted.

#### British Made Cycles

SALES MODELS £2.10 to £6

New Departure Quarter Hub, Best Makes Tyres, and best British-made equipment.

#### 210 Second-Hand Cycles

Good as new. £1 to £2.10

Great history stories, all at half price, or less.

#### EARN A CYCLE

Active Agents wanted in each district. Large profits easily made. Write at once for terms and catalogue. Free. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

MEAD CYCLE CO. LTD. 355 K

25, Brandon Road, Liverpool, & 19, Clarendon Road, London.

#### VICTORIA RECORDS.

Very Loud, Clear, and Distinct. Fit all Phonographs. Latest English Songs, French and Italian Opera, German, Spanish, Hungarian, Russian, Hebrew, etc. Monologues and Speeches in all languages. Great opportunity to learn foreign pronunciation. Catalogue Post Free.

VICTORIA PHONOGRAPH CO.,

53, Greek St., Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.

## Maude Taylor,

163b, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.



10 Dozen SOFT BATISTE BLOUSES (as sketch), trimmed imitation Cluny Lace (all colours) and black.

SALE PRICE, 4/11, cash with order.

Sale Usual Price Price

50 Under Skirts in New Orchid shape; Rich Silk Flounce in cream and contrasting shades; Alpaca top ... 12/11 18/11

Several Tea and Dressing Jackets and Gowns, in various styles, slightly soiled, to be cleared from ... 2/11 —

### GREAT SALE OF MODEL BLOUSES,

TUESDAY, April 19th.

200 French Paillette Silk Models, with rich garnitures ... 39/11 24 to 48s.

160 Crêpe de Chine Models, in all shades, trimmed lace, etc. ... 21/- 29/11

50 Cream Washing Silk, trimmed lace insertion, with new pelerine effect ... 7/11 12/11

**The Lord's Prayer Ring**

Something new; smallest ever coined. Every letter clear and distinct. As I wish to introduce my new catalogue and list of rewards for your help, I will send this beautiful Gold Wire Ring for 4/- only. Heavier Wire, 1/6. Send Postal Order and Penny Stamp for postage. I will also tell you the easy conditions on which you may become the possessor of a handsome Curb Bracelet.

SEND AT ONCE TO E. R. HARRIS, The Wire King, Winter Gardens, BLACKPOOL.

**UNDERSKIRTS**

This lovely Maude Underskirt, with four full

**2/11** (Carriage 3d. extra).

Made in many colours (roses, reds, blues, greens, etc.) and is very strong and durable. As the actual manufacture, you are able to supply this underskirt. Under 2/- 2/- direct to the public, thus saving them all middlemen's profits. Ladies should place their orders at once, as we anticipate a very big demand for this underskirt.

Our Catalogue shows many similar bargains. Drop us a post-card.

**BAKER, BOBBY & CO.**

No. 27, Voluntary Place, WIMBORNE, DORSET.

**A Wonderful Remedy**

**DR. SCOTT'S PILLS**

**For Liver Complaints.**

cultivation of a manly tone and appearance, and her "knowing" manner if she could, by chance, hear some of the things that are said about her by the men she associates with. Poor deluded creature! She fancies that, by adapting herself as much as in her lies to the other sex, she will become in their eyes a companion and a comrade to be desired; that men will prefer her society because she can join them in the smoking-room or take odds over the Oaks with them, and because she is not over particular in her language, nor about their chivalrous treatment of herself.

If she only knew the lamentable failure of her efforts! Men may laugh, and chaff, and smoke, and bet with her. They may think her fine fun, and tell her so openly. But suggest to them a wife of her type, and the emphasis of their answer will probably be more strong than flattering.

Men object to self-opinionated girls. Not that they mind, except in cases where they themselves are bullies, a girl who has an opinion of her own. In fact, most men are soon wearied out by the mindless woman who agrees with them on every imaginable point. But they cannot bear a girl who lays down the law, and wants to bring every person she meets round to her own way of thinking.

Men do not like ill-tempered girls. In point of fact, some of them have been heard to say that a sweet temper is the thing they value most highly in a woman. One wonders sometimes how the ill-tempered wives one sees ever secured that position; but it probably came about in one or two ways—they became ill-tempered after marriage, or else they skillfully hid their natural disposition up to the wedding-day.

#### They Want More in a Wife.

Men dislike a cold girl. Want of feeling and heart is the crime they find it most impossible to forgive in a woman. As long as she is affectionate, they will excuse much; but to the absolutely cold-hearted woman, though she were a model of all the virtues, they will concede neither liking nor praise.

There is sometimes a degree of unreasonableness in a man's objection to a girl, but, as a rule, the grounds on which he bases it are sound. Of course he makes terrible mistakes sometimes, not being able to understand woman's character and nature accurately; but, on the whole, the girl to whom he strongly and unreservedly objects is generally a person with considerable drawbacks to her.

Men dislike a girl who is flippant and irreverent. A man may treat sacred matters lightly himself, or pretend to do so, but he recoils in real horror and disgust from a woman who follows his example

enough to take the matter into their own hands, and to make one step forward, if not two.

There is nothing, did they know it, that men object to more utterly. They have too much of the hunter instinct to relish the notion of being stalked in their turn. There is no charm at all to them in a wife who not only requires no winning, but makes them exercise all their ingenuity if they would not be hurried to the altar without knowing it. The girl who openly shows them that they can have her for the asking is very apt indeed to make them indifferent to the value of the spontaneous gift; but the girl who shows a desire to appropriate men without any invitation is more likely to make them fly from her in terror and consternation.

## THE PARASOL ARRIVES.

### PRETTY SUNSHADES AND DIVERS HANDLES.

Already several of the pretty parasols which will be wanted when the spring is a little further advanced have been seen, and one very striking model is made of white taffetas silk with a frill of filmy lace on it, headed by an appliqué of La France roses and foliage executed in panne and embroidery stitches. A fluffy bow and long ends of chiffon adorn the handle, which is of light tinted wood. Parasols are of a moderate size and are dome-shaped this season.

Among parasols handles the detachable kind that has come to us from the French capital are novelties more noticeable as such than for their practical worth. Two that have been seen are made of crystal with magnifying qualities. The round top on one handle encloses a tiny automobile, perfect in detail—a miniature toy—while within the transparent sphere surmounting the other handle is to be seen the realistic head of a pug dog.

Another glass handle of this sort shows the head of a bull dog, as unprepossessing-looking as the pet is in real life. Popularity is not predicted for handles of this sort, but the woman who likes to advertise her fondness for dogs or motors, or to have something different from the ordinary type in the way of a parasol, may take a fancy to the novelties.

Less eccentric handles in jet, ivory, and wrought gold are sold in sets, and form charming wedding presents. In some of the sets jewels for the spoke heads are included; there are usually three or six heads and spoke jewels in each case.



# MINING-LANE SECRETS.

## The Personal Trials of a Tea Taster.

That we are a tea drinking nation is made clear by the fact that in the course of a year tea to the value of about eight millions sterling is imported into this country from Ceylon, China, and the other tea-growing countries.

One of the most remarkable buildings in the world is the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mining-lane, in which it is estimated that merchandise to the value of nearly £1,000,000 changes hands every day. There are eleven auction rooms, each capable of accommodating between two and three hundred persons, and the "items" disposed of are of such magnitude as to amaze the casual observer. For instance, the sale of 50,000 chests of tea, each containing a hundredweight, is considered quite an ordinary day's work.

There are some 500,000 acres of land under cultivation in India, and that country, together with Java and Ceylon, produce more than seven-eighths of the tea imported into the United Kingdom, which, by the way, is something like 500,000,000lb. a year.

The guileless Chinese, it appears, is out of the running altogether, by reason of the rubbish which he has of late years considered good enough for the English market. The Rungsook Tea Estate is one of the smallest plantations, and covers only 400 acres, while that of the Assam Company is 1,000 acres in extent. The produce of every important Indian estate is brought to Calcutta and forwarded from thence to the docks in London.

All tea put up for auction are sampled by the dealers, who take 4 ounce samples from the warehouse.

Then comes the tea tasting, to see which is quite as wonderful as, and far more interesting than, any feat performed on the variety stage. Along polished counters, twenty or thirty feet in length, rows of cups are arranged, and just behind each of these is the shallow tin canister containing the dry tea, which will presently be brewed. At short intervals "standard test caddies" are placed, and on these are printed details of former price and quality, so as to guide the taster; the latter prefers, however, usually to rely upon his own judgment entirely. All being ready, the dry leaf is

first tested, and then the weight of a sixpence in it is placed in each cup, and boiling water poured upon it. After five minutes the expert commences tasting, attended by an assistant, who has a catalogue of the day's sales.

The assistant calls out the name and gross quantity of the tea, while the taster takes a mouthful from the cup, and after a moment's pause ejects the liquor into a large copper vessel. Immediately after this the expert determines the price to a half-penny, which the buyer will be safe in bidding for that particular consignment. Very cheap tea, he can value exactly.

Some tea is unhesitatingly condemned as useless to the firm the taster represents, and it is nothing short of marvellous to watch two experts going over the same samples at different times, rejecting and pricing in exactly the same manner, although the various teas, both in dry and liquid form, look, taste, and smell alike to the uninitiated. Of course, the tea taster must take care of his palate; he rarely indulges in alcoholic stimulants, and smokes very little.

### Martyrs to Dyspepsia.

The greater part of his work is done in the morning, and he can get through the hundred or four hundred samples between nine and twelve. So surprisingly expert do the Mining-lane men become that many can actually name the estate upon which a certain tea was grown after having tasted a mouthful of the cold liquor.

A deposit of 41 on every chest bid for is required by the vendors, and if the purchase is not completed within three months, the deposit money is forfeited.

Some little time ago, a parcel containing 5lb. of "fancy tea" from the Kellie Estate, Ceylon, was received at the sale rooms. This quantity was the product of many acres, and consisted of very small golden tips, of which there are about six on each bush.

Two pounds of this tea, which, by the way, was exactly like fine birdseye tobacco, were sold at £20 a pound. It was considered the finest ever grown, and a man had to walk three miles through the plantation before he could gather a single pound.

# Reflections.

When Disraeli, in whose honour Conservatives wear primroses to-day, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, he said he felt like a girl going to her first ball. That may have been Mr. Austen Chamberlain's feeling last year when he was appointed to succeed Mr. Ritchie. But this morning his sensations must be more like those of a prisoner in the dock on trial for his life.

Even Disraeli, with all his enthusiasm and all his genius, was beaten on his Budget. "I am not," he had to confess, "a heaven-born Chancellor of the Exchequer." Yet all the same, his statue stands in Parliament square, and his death-day is a marked date in the nation's calendar. So even if "Mr. Austen" should not produce a "heaven-born" Budget, he need not despair of dying Prime Minister and leaving a name great in history.

The secret of "Dizzy's" popularity, as Mr. Sichel insists in his "Beaconsfield," published by Methuen to-day, was his Oriental habit of seeing everything in its most picturesque aspect. He had an eye for the magnificence of life, for the dramatic possibilities of statecraft. Gladstone, on the other hand, won the favour of the nation by his moral earnestness. He was eminently a safe man. That was why the electors turned to him when Disraeli's erratic genius began to get upon their nerves, and to Disraeli when they felt they had been earnest long enough.

The "Jewish persecution" in Limerick is beginning to attract attention. The monk who stirred it up, and is now keeping it going, says his motives are not so much religious as social.

The Jews do not trade fairly. They avoid paying their debts; they allow ignorant people inferior articles at prices which yield enormous profits.

They create domestic quarrels by selling

goods to women without their husbands' consent, and also encourage extravagant and loose dress among girls and young women.

Of course, these offences have been attributed to the Jews throughout all time. There must be something more in the Irish persecution than that.

Even in Limerick, however, the rival religions do not blow one another up. That is left to the peaceful citizens of Indiana, among whom a new sect called the Evening Lights has been preaching simplicity of life. The idea that plain food is best, and jewellery superfluous, proved so offensive that an attempt has been made to blow them up, and "it is thought that the dynamite was placed under the church by parties who oppose the Evening Lights on account of the inroads they are making into the membership of other churches." Indiana evidently feels that it has already as many sects as it can comfortably do with.

Is it true that there are more drunken women to be seen in England than in any other country in the world? A temperance lecturer has made the statement, coupling with it the suggestion that the evils of excessive drinking should be plainly pointed out in all schools. Certainly it is much more common than it used to be to see women entering and leaving public-houses, a sight that never fails to send a shudder of disgust down my back. In all classes women now take more alcohol than they did twenty years ago, although most men drink much less.

This latter tendency is accounted for partly by the fact that men play games more than they used to, and find that when a little too much alcohol "puts their eyes out" and makes them flabby and unfit. The Headmaster of Eton has just been saying that athletes keep the body healthy and the mind pure. "The wisely athletic man," Dr. Warre added, "is almost invariably the best man," and the same may be said of the wisely athletic woman. People who are in good health and have plenty to do never take to drink. They know better.

## OUR SERIAL.

# Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

### PERSONS OF THE STORY.

JANET DEBROUIN: A beautiful girl anxious, against her parents' wish, to go on the stage. She has undulating dramatic talents.

JOHN GRAY: A barrister in love with Janet who has, however, refused him.

HERBERT DAVENTRY: A secondarily actor who has seen Janet act in private, and is determined to marry her and live on her earnings as an actress.

Mrs. Ross: Janet's Aunt, with whom she is staying in London.

### CHAPTER X. The Doors Are Locked.

It was her wedding day!

Less than a week ago he had not even told her that he loved her; yet to-day she was to marry Herbert Davenport.

How cold and cheerless the dawn was. The girl had crept out of bed and gone to the window after a sleepless night; she drew aside the blinds and looked out. Away in the east was the grey, shadowless light of daybreak. A thin autumn haze was everywhere; a sleety drizzle was falling. Janet shivered. She let the blind fall back and stole to bed again, but not to sleep. Her thoughts would not let her sleep. To-day was her wedding day! That had been the burden of her thoughts all the night. Was that deep boom four o'clock striking? Only seven hours more and she would be standing at the altar with Herbert Davenport.

Her face was white and set. A bride should have sweet dreams on the night before her wedding, should awake with happiness singing a love song in her heart. But there was no joy in Janet's face. It was only three days since Herbert Davenport had made her promise to be his wife. Her aunt was still away from home. Yesterday she had met him in Kensington Gardens, summoned by an urgent telegram from him.

"Child," he had said, after their greetings were over, "I have a great thing to ask of you. Were I not so confident of your love I should not dare to ask it."

"Herbert, what do you mean?" she had cried, in quick alarm at his words, searching his face anxiously.

He paused dramatically, as though waiting for the orchestra to take their cue and begin slow music. Then he said:

"Child, you must marry me secretly and at once."

At first she thought he must be joking; then a look of bewilderment and distress dawned in her face, driving the colour from it. "Marry you at once?" she echoed blankly. "Oh, no. I cannot. It is impossible."

"I have startled you, Janet; I could expect no other answer until you have heard me out," he said. "In a few days I am going to America. Oh, don't be distressed, darling; it is only for three months. I start in a few days on an important engagement, so to play lead. The offer was made to me hurriedly; I had to accept or decline on the spot. And it was such a chance. . . But how can I leave you in England, knowing you are not my wife? We must marry before I go—"

"Cannot you believe that I shall keep my promise to you?" she asked, proudly.

"Oh, yes, I cannot imagine you without my mother's knowledge. It would be too mean. It would look, too, as though I were ashamed of marrying you."

He dropped her hand with an angry gesture.

"I suppose you feel I am asking too great a sacrifice that you should be married without bridesmaids and a choral service! Is that what you mean?" he cried, coldly; "and that when you said you loved me it meant nothing? If you care for me so little, I give you back your freedom!"

The taunt cut her deeply, as he meant it should. He was not a bit discouraged. He had expected a refusal at first. He had pictured the scene throughout beforehand, had rehearsed it; knew exactly what he would say, how he would say it—and the cues were coming just as he had anticipated. In the end she would consent.

"You know, you must know, how much you are making," said Janet, pitifully. "I promised to marry you, and I shall not break my promise; but to do this would be an insult to my own people; would estrange them. You cannot ask me to do that."

"I do ask it, Janet," he said. Then the frown left his face. He caught her in his arms, and there was a break in his voice, admirably suggested, as he cried: "Child, forgive my harsh words! I know it's a great thing I am asking—I hate to ask it; if I loved you less, my princess, perhaps I could be content to go away from you as I must, leaving you unfettered among those who hate me, who will try to prejudice you against me! But I can't. Oh, if you knew how I love you—"

He had worked himself up into an ecstasy of false emotion; he had the trick of bringing tears to his eyes. To this gift his passion of devotion was all real; he must love her very much; she was deeply moved; more than ever at that moment she believed he was very dear to her.

"But no one could prejudice me against you," she said. "But if I were to marry you now, as you ask—"

She was still fighting the battle, but her powers of resistance were weakening.

"If you marry me now, it can all be made public when I come back," he said persuasively, "and then you would go on the stage, you would be free to follow your art, the beautiful thing that is opening for you. Once they see they have not been able to bind you down to their own selfish wishes, your people will forgive you. Marry me to-morrow. You can just slip out; your aunt is away; it will be quite easy. Janet," he paused impressively, "I have already got a licence, in case you should ever come to your senses and make this dear sacrifice for love's sake. We can be married to-morrow at a church in the parish where I live."

"Oh, if you could only have waited; if only you could have trusted me," she cried pitifully.

But her words spelt surrender. He was his cue to accept them as such. Not a soul was in sight. He put his arms round her and kissed her lips. She gave a little faint sigh; but after all she believed that she loved this man, who had stormed her emotions, if not her heart. She would marry him as he wished. It did not strike her curious how even now, as she looked into the future, it was the stage that seemed to fill it—not her husband.

"I'll be very good to you, child," he whispered. "I'll be your lover and your teacher—the teacher who will give a great actress to the stage. Is it not worth the sacrifice?"

And, with her senses swayed by excitement, she said: "Yes."

"To-morrow at eleven, then. I will make all arrangements," he said, as he left her outside the block of mansions where her aunt's flat was. Could she have seen it, there was a look of triumph in his face as he turned away. The yarn about America had done the trick. Good old America!

In her thoughts Janet went over her interview with Davenport again and again, as she lay in bed, vainly trying to close her eyes in sleep. But the thoughts would come; she could not sleep.

She gave a little shiver. Perhaps one always looked on the dull side of things at four o'clock in the morning, when the chill dawn came peeping in like a grey ghost at one's window. It made one think of depressing things. It made her wonder whether it would not have been better if her mother had not written saying that she might stay longer in London. She would have been lying asleep in her tiny bedroom at Hetherst now, round whose window the starry climatis climbed; she would not be lying awake, thinking with a feeling akin to dread that in seven hours she would be standing in an empty church, being married.

Of course, she loved this man, she told herself almost fiercely; she would not take back her word if she could; but it was no disloyalty to him to wish that their marriage could have been otherwise, with the knowledge of those at home.

Janet found herself wondering what Gray would think when he heard. Mr. Gray was prejudiced against the man she was going to marry; she wondered why. Somehow he had never seemed the sort of man to take unreasoning dislikes to people, he was so kind and good-natured, but, of course, she was young in this case. She hoped that when her marriage was at last made public he would come to see them, would still be her friend; when he knew her husband better he would see how wrong his estimate had been. Down in her heart she had a great liking for Gray, which feeling lay deep and deep, when she was compelled to hurt him by refusing to marry him. He had taken his answer like a brave man, though she could see how severe the blow was. Yes, she hoped Gray would always be her friend.

The girl felt asleep at last—a heavy, unrefreshing sleep into which her thoughts followed her, taking grotesque shapes. She dreamed that she was standing by the altar, and the priest was reading the words of the service: "If any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him speak now, or hereafter, on pain of perjury, and under the pains of his marriage, because her mistress was away from home, and knew nothing of it."

Janet woke with a start, with the feeling that it was very late, late there was some important appointment she had to keep. Broad daylight came into the room through a crevice of the blind. Almost at once she remembered. She was to meet Herbert Davenport at the church in Bloomsbury at eleven. She looked at her watch. To her relief it was only nine o'clock.

She rose hurriedly; she felt heavy, tired, depressed; but her cold bath refreshed her a little. She put on a navy blue serge walking costume, which seemed the most suitable thing she had to be married in, and Herbert had said how well it suited her. She left her room, and found Martha bringing in the toast and eggs from the kitchen. She was struck by the girl's white, haggard face.

"You look so pale, well this morning, Miss? You look so pale," cried Martha.

Janet forced a smile. "Yes, I am quite well, thank you, Martha," she said.

"You will be back for lunch, Miss?" said Martha, as she was leaving.

"I hardly know, Martha. No, I think, very likely not," she said, as she went out and shut the door behind her.

It struck her that she was shutting the door on many things that day.

It was a murky autumn morning; a depressing drizzle came down continuously from leaden skies. A faint, superstitious feeling came to her that it was an ominous day for a wedding.

At the corner of the street she found a cab and drove through the muddy streets to Bloomsbury. Herbert Davenport was waiting for her under the porch of the church, looking in the best of spirits, and in her hallor, but wisely forbore to refer to it.

"What a wonderful morning, sweetheart," he cried, as he helped her to alight. "I may as well tell the caddy to wait whilst we're turned off. Now come along in and make me the happiest man in London to-day!" he said gaily, and under the

influence of his elation of spirits Janet felt her own relief.

They walked side by side up the aisle; the empty church looked cold and dreary. The caretaker was in attendance, Davenport having arranged that he should fulfil the nominal formality of giving the bride away. As he was coming, a man went to the vestry to tell the vicar, who emerged in his surplice and met them at the altar rails; a curate in a black cassock followed him from the vestry, but remained in the body of the church, making the second witness.

The priest hurried through the service, much as though he wished to convey that marriages on rainy mornings were ceremonies he only conducted under protest.

It all seemed strangely unreal to the girl: That she should be standing at the altar being married by her own man, who a few weeks ago she had not even known; should be entering into this indissoluble contract that would bind her to him in an empty church, whilst of all her dear ones—her mother, her sister, her aunt—no one knew.

Suddenly it all seemed very terrible. Why had she let herself be hurried into this marriage? Two days' engagement—then to be married to a man she really scarcely knew! And the bond was for life.

Her face whitened; Davenport thought for a second she was going to faint. But she pulled herself together with a resolute effort. If she had made a mistake it was too late now.

Herbert Davenport put the ring on her finger. They were man and wife now. The service ended. They followed the solemn clergyman into the vestry; the curate followed them, the caretaker signed up the procession. The register was signed. Husband and wife went out into the rain and mark of the street to the waiting cab.

Davenport told the driver to take them to one of the smaller hotels off the Strand, and took his seat by her side; the cab rattled away.

"I have ordered our wedding-breakfast there, dearest," he told her. He put his arms round her, and kissed her.

"You are my wife now, Janet," he said, "only you don't look half so happy as you ought on your wedding morning!"

But Davenport was in too good a humour at the success of his plans to let her silence affect his spirits. "The cab drew up in front of the hotel. "The wedding breakfast I've ordered will soon see you right," he told her, as they entered. "Confess now, you couldn't eat any breakfast for sheer excitement this morning, eh?"

"No," she admitted, with a faint smile. "I could not eat much breakfast."

"That's why you're so pale and off-colour. Now, I have some news for you," as they went into the small private room where the table was laid, "some news that will cheer you up, I know. But first of all, what do you suppose your plans are for to-day, sweetheart?"

"I am going back to my aunt's flat, of course—"

"He burst into a roar of laughter. "And play the single woman until I am back from America, eh?" he cried. "No, no; you're going to send to them to pack up all your things and send them at once to the station. You are going back to the flat, little Janet."

"But I don't understand you, Herbert," she cried.

"When people get married they usually go on a wedding tour, don't they?" he laughed. "Well, you and I are going on a honeymoon."

"But a honeymoon?" she echoed, bewildered, "when you start for America in two days' time—"

"No," he interrupted, "that's all off! Isn't that good news for you? That's all off, Janet! It's the first time in my life I've been happy to throw up a 'good engagement'!" It tickled his sense of humour to think how implicitly she had believed in that imaginary American tour. "There was a chance of escape at the last moment. This morning, before I came to the church, I cancelled my engagement. We're off to Spain for our honeymoon, Janet. We start in less than three hours!"

To be continued to-morrow.







# THIS IS PRIMROSE DAY.

## EVERY DAY IS PRIMROSE SOAP DAY.

### DAINTY FLOWER IS WORN TO-DAY.

Soap bearing name of Yellow Petals  
in use nearly a Century.

**PRIMROSE DAY!** It matters not where one looks to-day, the boutonnière is the dainty yellow flower which for ever will be associated with the name of Beaconsfield. Politics or party do not enter into the feeling at all on this single day in the year when primroses predominate.

Primrose Day comes but once in each year. Then primroses are a part of our nation. Unlike the day we celebrate, the name primrose is associated with the name of Beaconsfield. In the ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP Day never ends.

#### FOUR GENERATIONS.

Indeed, the name is a Household Word, for four generations of the now famous family of Knights have helped perpetuate the title, striving all the time to attain an ideal state of purity in its manufacture.

Soap has in modern times become almost a symbol of civilisation, owing to the enlightened attention now paid to cleanliness and sanitation. Nevertheless, soap is by no means a modern invention. Pliny refers to soap made in ancient times from goats' tallow and the ashes of beechwood, but this was used principally for giving a gloss to the hair. In the ruins of Pompeii, however, a tolerably well-equipped soap factory was discovered with some well-preserved samples of the finished product.

Soap has been made for several centuries in England, and was taxed in 1711, from which impost it was relieved only in 1853, thus liberating English enterprise in this great and important industry.

#### THE GREAT MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOAP.

The great modern development of the soap industry, however, has been mainly due to the advance of chemical science, and primarily to the researches of Chevreul into the nature of fats, and the experiments of Leblanc, who succeeded in producing soda economically on a large scale.

Since then many other discoveries have been made in the utilisation of the waste or by-products, with the result that some of the valuable ingredients which were previously allowed to escape as waste are now recovered and utilised as the bases of subsidiary industries, which are highly important and remunerative in themselves and tend largely to reduce the cost of production of the original and central product.

#### INDUSTRIAL ECONOMY.

The families of allied industries which have in this way sprung up during modern times, owing to the advance of chemical science, form one of the most interesting and important features in our industrial economy at the present day, and no better instance of this development can be found than in the congeries of great departments which are now grouped together under the name of the SILVERTOWN SOAP WORKS AND OIL MILLS OF MESSRS. JOHN KNIGHT AND SONS. The business of this firm was originally established by the late Mr. John Knight early in the last century, when the soap industry was in a very different condition to what it now is, the business having remained from its inception to the present time in the founder's family.

#### LIKE A DAIRY.

More like a dairy than a soap factory are these incomparably clean works used for the making of the purest possible soaps, ideally pure, whether the form be that of a soft soap for the commonest kind of work, or the daintily perfumed confection for a royal bathroom.

The making of soap has taught the world very

many things; for instance, up to a very recent day glycerine developed in the saponification process was formerly allowed to run to waste.

#### CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

With improved chemical knowledge it is now recovered from the lye, and forms a valuable by-product, being used in pharmacy and for the production of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, etc. It is distilled until it is as clear as crystal. An important department is the well-appointed laboratory, presided over by experienced practical chemists, who test the various ingredients and products, and control all the scientific operations.

Soaps of many kinds have sprung up like mushrooms. Some of them have reached a really remarkable sale, but there is not a soap on the market which in its making has had the watchful care of THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP, WHICH HAS BEEN USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FOR OVER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS.

#### CARE IN MAKING.

The making of soaps requires as much thought, watching, and care as does the bringing up of a child. One would be astonished at the number of processes that have to be adopted in making

such a high standard of quality in their productions while quoting such very moderate prices.

The cost of manufacturing soaps has gone up, still the price to the consumer has gone down. The possibility of this only comes from the increased population and consequent greater sale of the commodity which everybody uses.

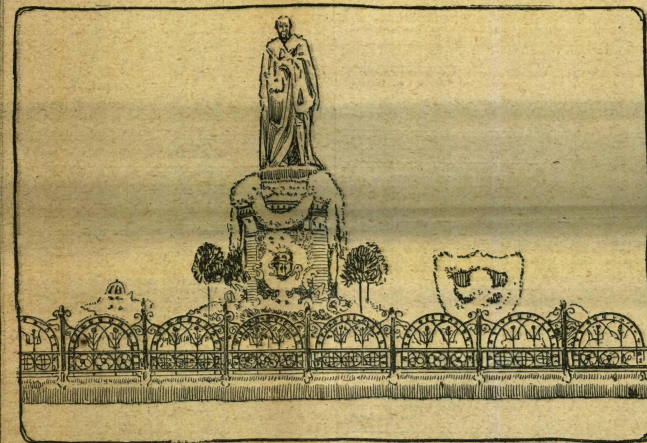
#### DOCTORS KNOW.

Many a doctor has asked a patient what kind of soap he used, and, as often, ordered the patient to use some other kind. For doctors know better than anyone else that the market to-day is flooded with cheap, poisonous concoctions called soaps which are nothing more than the beginning of a diseased body.

The name Primrose or Knight in the soap world means "Quality and Purity." It means that the honour of a firm a century old is at stake.

#### A ROYAL SOAP.

THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP has been a Royal Soap for the past thirty-five years. For more than twice that time deliveries of soaps from the Silvertown Soap Works have been distributed not only into every part of London, but throughout England and the Colonies. There are families who



positive the entire absence of any irritant of any kind.

Soaps, which are intended to produce cleanliness, may have an entirely different effect upon the user unless they are made right. The fat must be pure. The vats must be scrupulously clean when the ingredients are put in. Quantities must be as certain as in the most particular medicine. A difference in any one of these apparent trifles means a discomfort to the purchaser.

Shiploads of cotton-seed are imported every month from Egypt for the production of cotton-seed oil to be used in the manufacture of soft soaps. A special department is devoted to this branch of the business, and has developed into a great industry, with well-equipped seed-crushing mills, where the cotton-seed, after being cleansed and purified by patent machinery, is ground or crushed, subjected to steam, formed into cakes, and pressed by hydraulic power, so as to force out the superfluous oil, leaving the cotton-seed in cakes, which form a valuable feeding stuff for cattle.

The oil is purified and refined, a large proportion of it afterwards being used for frying fish and for ordinary table use, as well as for the manufacture of butterine in France and Holland. Owing to the great extent of this industry, and the ready market there is for the crude and refined oil, as well as the cotton cake, the oil used by Messrs. John Knight and Sons for the manufacture of their soft soaps is greatly reduced in cost, and this explains how they are able to maintain

have used nothing else but Primrose Soap all their lives, and their parents did the same thing before them.

Our parents found THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP to be just what was claimed of it, and if we would all take those who gave us life and reared us as our examples in life, there would be far more successful and healthy parents for the children of the future.

Covering eight acres of ground, with an immense frontage on the Thames, and tracks connecting with the various railways, the soap works of Messrs. John Knight and Sons, Limited, at Silvertown, London, E., are situated in a most desirable position for all practical purposes.

For enlargements, the firm have left ample room at the rear of their present premises, but the front will always remain as it is to-day, a recreation ground and park in front of the cottages in which many of the five hundred employees reside, with Primrose Hall at the end for their concerts, entertainments, and social games during the off hours. At the works are well-appointed dining-rooms for the men, as well as the office and laboratory staff, and it matters not through which department one wanders, the joiners' shops, cooperages, paint shops, engineers' quarters, 'wheelwrights', or smiths', it all seems to be a part of the family of Knight, so contented are the members of this army of helpers in the placing on the market of THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP.

In the stables, where are kept the eighty odd head of fine stock used for London delivery, as

### DOCTORS PRAISE THE NEW DISCOVERY.

Anti-Rheumatic Soap Has Stood the  
Test of Time and now is for All.

much care has been taken as in the many other departments.

In addition to a City office at No. 17, Billiter-street, close to the Fenchurch-street Station, the firm have five depôts in London. Possibly the two most important of these are at Deptford and Islington, near to the slaughter-houses. These depôts are responsible for the securing of fresh sweet fat, which, when it reaches Silvertown, is carefully rendered, freeing it of all animal tissue. This fat goes through a variety of processes in the refining, and has to stand a severe test at the hands of the chemists and analysts before it becomes a part of THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP.

#### THE ROYAL PRIMROSE FAMILY.

The family of THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP is a well-developed one, and now comprises "John Knight's FAMILY HEALTH SOAP" for the bath. The refreshing and invigorating properties of this Soap, judging from the large and increasing demand there is for it, give it an important place in the family. Then there are Carbolic and "Quick Washer" Soaps, and other Household and Laundry varieties. "John Knight's" Pure Toilet Soaps, with their dainty perfumes, are well known, and their famous transparent soap called "Ariston" still holds first place with those who prefer this class of soap. There is also the famous family of soft soaps, known all over the world as John Knight's B.B.B., B.B., and B. Soft Soaps, and there will shortly be put upon the market a scrubbing and polishing soap which will be known as "Sano", now undergoing the severe practical tests the firm subject their new soaps to before offering them to the public.

#### A NEW CREATION.

In addition to the foregoing, the firm have just introduced a soap for Rheumatism, which will supply a long-hoped-for relief to persons suffering from this distressful ailment.

The Anti-Rheumatic Soap has been subjected to a long and severe test, and the testimony of those who have tried it and have experienced complete relief from the agonies they formerly suffered has warranted Messrs. Knight in now offering to the public what they feel warranted in describing as a safe and reliable cure for Rheumatism.

#### SENSITIVE SKINS.

The materials used in the manufacture of the "Anti-Rheumatic Soap" are absolutely harmless and suitable to the most sensitive skin. It will be found of signal benefit in cases of Eczema in any part of the body, particularly where the disease attacks the portions of the cutaneous surface exposed to irritants, such as arms, hands, and face, when these forms are tolerant of water.

There is not a grocer in all England that cannot supply you with any of the soaps of John Knight and Sons, Ltd. There are very few who will not want you to purchase THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP, for the grocer knows quite well that he will never be ashamed of having served a customer with it. There is no soap on the market, no matter what its price may be, although there are many imitations, that has been so carefully prepared and has stood the test of time one half as well as THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP.

So, remember that though to-day is Primrose Day, to-morrow and every day is THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP DAY, and that if you want a soap that is cleansing and healthy, a soap that will aid nature in its essential work in the pores of your skin, you want THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP.

JOHN KNIGHT & SONS, Ltd.,

By Warrant of Appointment  
Soapmakers  
to H. M. King Edward VII.

The Royal Primrose Soap Works, Silvertown, E.

# ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP MEANS QUALITY AND PURITY.



